

PLEIADVM CONSTELLATIO.



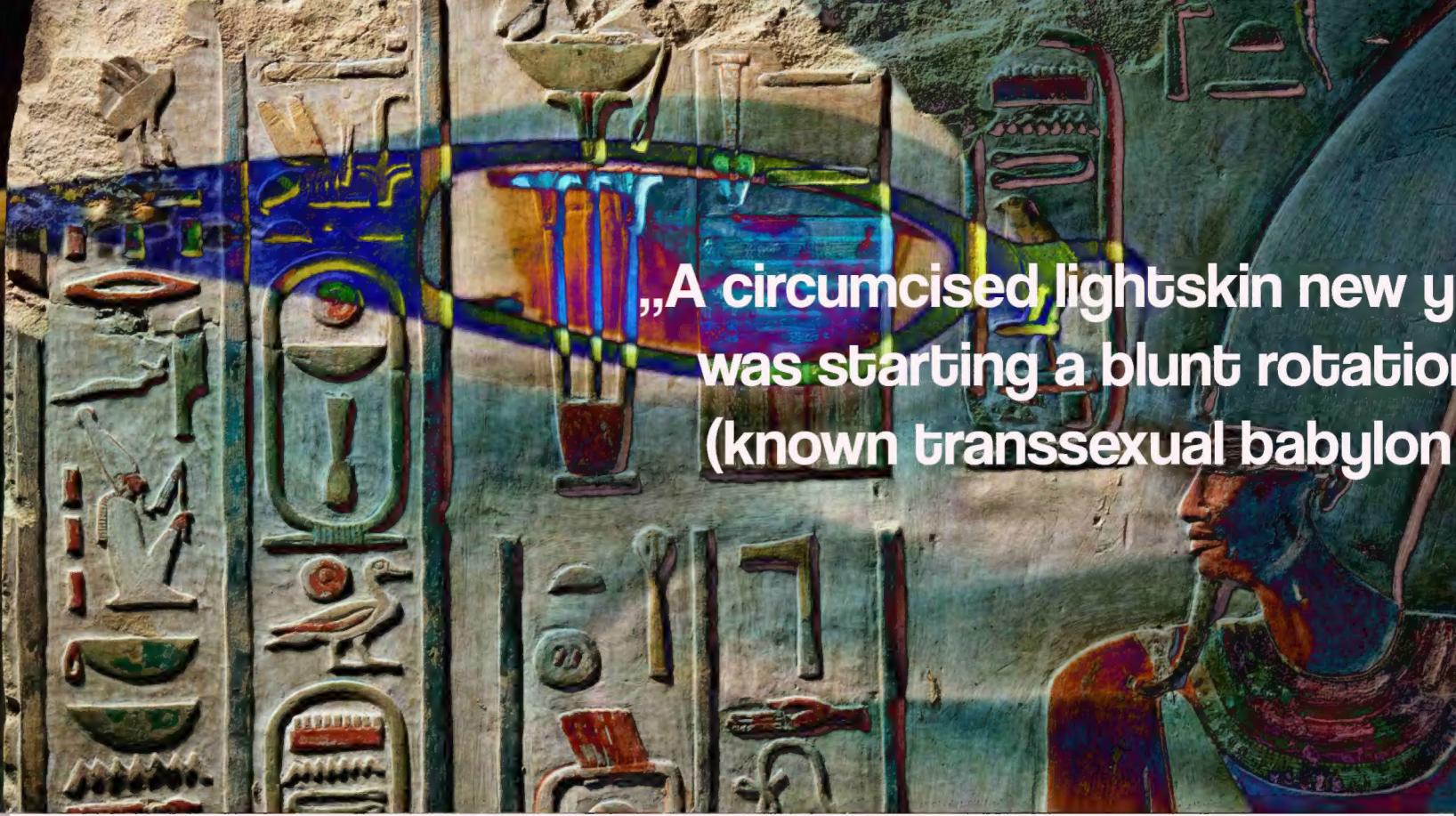


WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO



Wagoner





„A circumcised lightskin new y
was starting a blunt rotation
(known transsexual babylon

A circumcised lightskin new york half-bantu false Israelite was starting a blunt rotation with a mango white owl (known transsexual babylon pussycot wrap), saying:

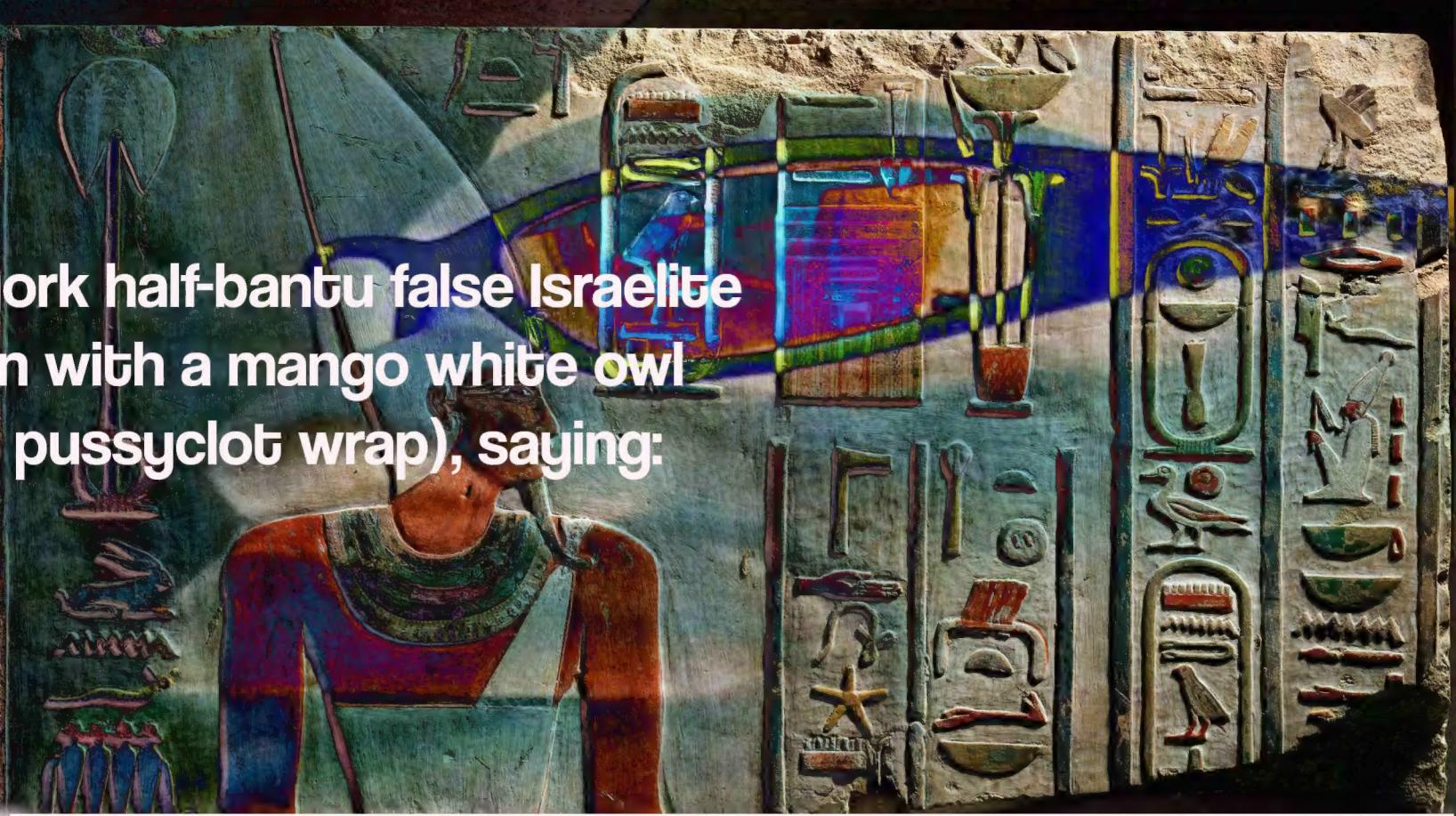
"Before this rotation begins, you must get on your knees and worship the one true god, BLACK YHWH, who is far more powerful than any other god, especially the gods of Egypt."

At that very moment a brave, royal, spiritually aristocratic Kushite stood up, lighting his meticulously papyrus-wrapped blunt stained with the blood of 37 Hebrew slaves, and axed:

"Could your god wrap a blunt so loud that even he himself could not chief it?"

The diversity NYU admission, 678 chess.com rated, imposter hebrew smirked quite enslavedly, and smugly replied:

"What a head-ass, busta-ass, retarded-ass question nigga. Da power of omnipotence, come from the ability, the the the facoolaty, to do the uh, the, the intranslickally possible, you feel me?, Not the *claps hands* in transaction sickle ally *smacks lips* posseeable, right?" You can't just be saying all kind of words mixed around with "can god" in front it an expect dat to mean somfin". Like "Can god purple green" or sum shit? Lmao, that's how your retarded ass sound nigga."



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The regal Kushite, who perched on the platform of his fearsome war chariot, had stolen no fewer than 500 pairs of Jordan slides himself, inhaled more deeply than the antechamber at the temple of Amun, and with the strength and serenity of the breeze from the spring nile blew the smoke into the face of the vaguely brown semitic imposter, and spake:

"Hermes purple-greened this kush nigga"

The oat milk caramel macchiato colored, urbanite, yiddite-pretender was visibly shook, and collapsed immediately from a combination of THC overdose and untreated HIV. The entire trap applauded, and everyone's

skin became 33% darker. 3 pyramids were constructed along the banks of the Hudson, and every hasidic jew in a 77-mile radius was lashed. The Book of the Dead was read several times, and the ka of the pharaoh Pliye himself descended joyously upon the rotation.

The incredibly pale, bantu-descended, eratz hebraist lost all his welfare payments and was evicted the next day. He was carried off by a swarm of locusts and died soon after. Upon entering the Duat, having failed to identify even a single assessor of Maat, his heart was found to have weighed no less than 420 feathers, and his soul was promptly eaten by Ammit, condemning him to eternal non-existence.

THE ALLEGORY OF



THE CRACKHEAD & THE GEESE

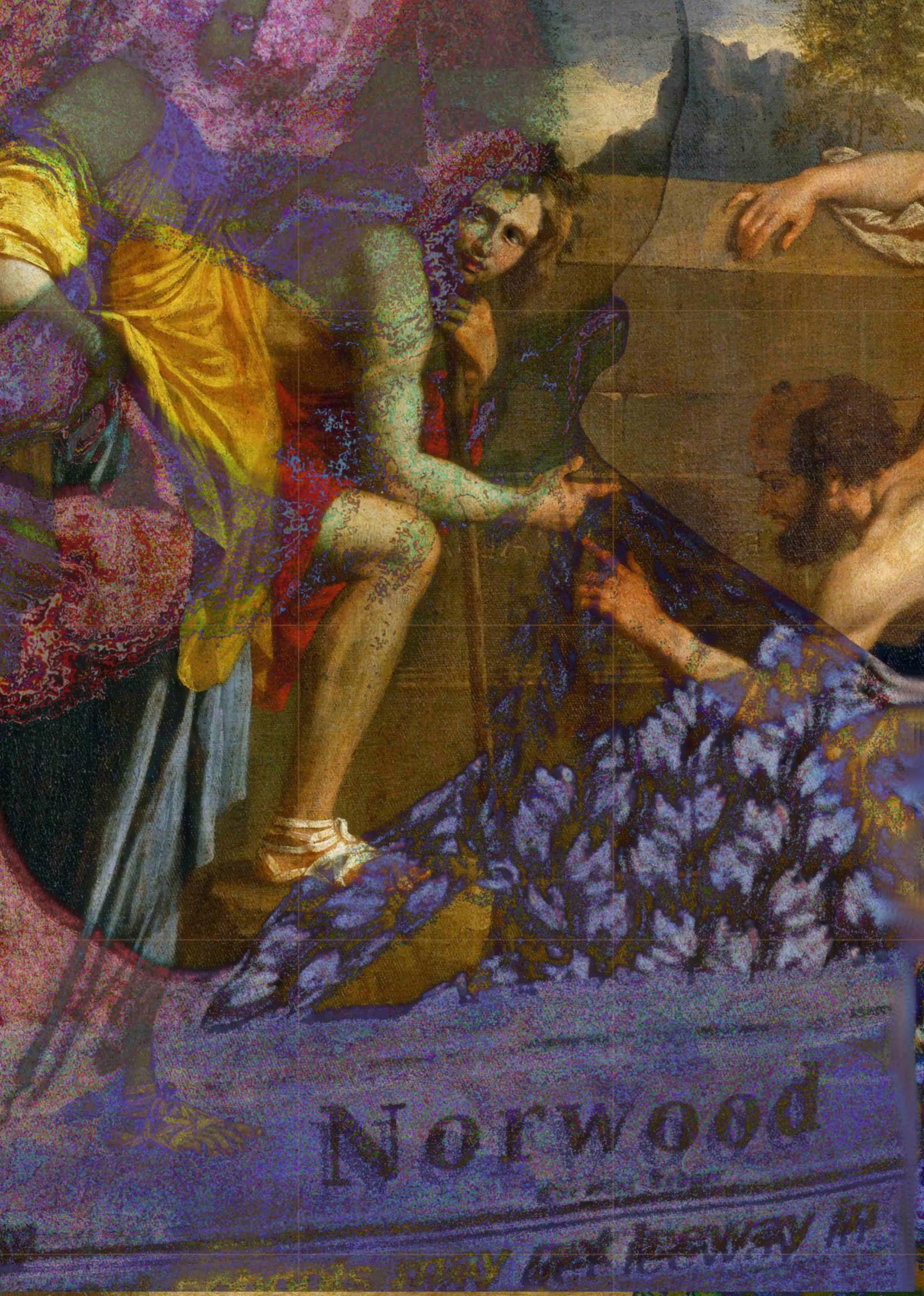
*One day the Crackhead was wandering around the lakefront
just within olfactory range of the pedal boats
begging for barbecue corn nuts
and receding his
hairline...*

The Allegory of the Crackhead and the Geese

"My stummy feel crazy," said the Crackhead to himself out loud at 110 decibels. Quickly brushing off the teeth that had fallen onto his bulbous and massively protruding gut he looked anxiously for the zipper of his FW2012 Alpha Industries NB3 men's slim fit Parka. "Where you be at jit?" he whispered to his zipper, eventually finding it residing at the bottom of his neck. "OOUUU EEE AHHHH OHHHH UU-UUUUU" crooned the Crackhead in delight. "We jus made anduddah one" he said. The Crackhead caressed his belly sumptuously, first with the padding of it with his fingers, then scratching of it with his nails, then pushing it from the left side, then the right, then grabbing it firmly he shook it from the fore and to aft violently, and immediately from the aft to the fore again. "WHY AINT YOU GOIN DOWN BELLY" said he, his anger rising. Inducing his gut to oscillate subsequently cross-wise with such a vigour that his toes were also made to shake, then also his feet, then too his calves, followed by his thighs, then his rear, then his spinal erectors, and finally his head, until his entire being gyrated. In this way his vision was redirected sixteen degrees clockwise. When metabolic acidosis forced his eyes to fall to rest as a leaf to earth, they ultimately settled stately upon a flock of geese. "Au-spic-ee-us" whispered the crackhead, the course of the sound wave from his whisper's circuit retarded by his massively cracked and swollen lips such that it nary escaped their confines. Licking his lips most thoroughly, the saliva dribbling anxiously down his chin, he stoutly and steadfastly set off walking at the flock of geese. "Y'all wan hear my song?" asked

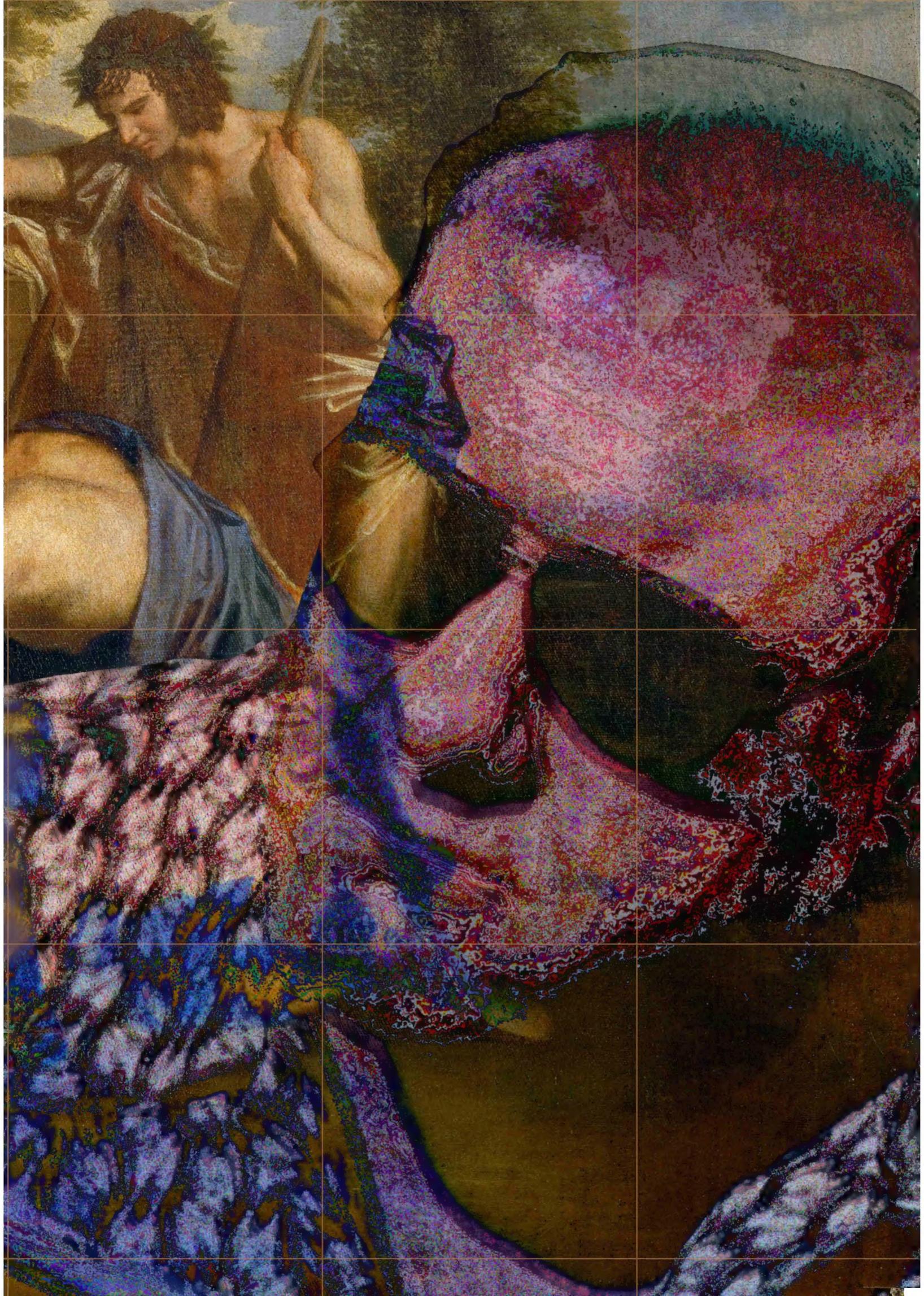
cause it a little dumpy, you know what wit the public use and all, but we finna fix dat right up yes sir, we boutta transmogrify dat bitch real nice.” then boooming with a grand tongue “ THIS HOWEVER IN FACT I CANNOT ACHIEVE BY MYSELF. IT IS A TASK TOO GREAT FOR A SINGLE MAN ALONE.” “Very well,” said the geese, “we shall help you in this endeavor, for we do not really have anything going on today anyway” The Crackhead eyed the nearby changing room showers with a keen eye, his heart full of avarice and cunning. The doorless entrance to the changing room showers was too broad and too tall to the changing room showers. It was not very VIP at all. It is not VIP if just anyone can walk in. “JITS” said he, “JITS WE NEED DA STICKS, WE NEED DA STONES, WE NEED DA MUD!” The geese cheered and honked and flapped their wings. Each goose returned forthwith, their beaks all full to the highest extent with the requisite materials. The Crackhead, consumed with the temporary manumission of the 1/64 Hanoverian Protestant portion of his blood, let it reign over him, setting about his work in the expected manner. Seeing that the sticks and the stones and the mud were all set with idleness, discord, and luxury, he reprimanded them and set them to motion. He combined the pieces through weaving and wefting, forming them into cubes each one cubit by one cubit by one cubit, reminding himself often at various volumes that “Da cubit be propitairy to da cube”. These he aligned agmen magis quam acies along the way to the entrance, forbidding that any piece should exchange

its place with another. Moving each piece along one by one, he sought to maintain the perfect mathematical and sacred interval, and he often visited the vanguard and turned them upon their sides, such that they appeared to be thus dismounted, and could not cause the line to slinky. When the cubes had been moved the proper distance from the entrance for construction, he marshaled them into parade inspection. He turned first himself, then each cube in order of his respective age, and when he was satisfied with their alertness, patience, and obedience to himself rather than any other, he began to arrange the cubes so as to build from them. He built a series of enclosing earthworks being nine hundred ells long measured as the circle. The wall was two yards high and two and a half cubits wide. He built an embankment a quarter of the earthwork in height, and double in width, with seven ells between the earthworks and the embankment. The slope of the embankment was twenty seven degrees on the outer side, and plumb on the reverse. He built three towers on the embankments measuring two fathoms in height, and these were all one and one half ells in width and breadth. In the intervals between these towers he placed three sub towers on the earthworks such that they gazed out perfectly in the center of the space between the three main towers. The apertures of the towers gazed out such that the northern tower saw from directly north to perfectly southwest. The aperture of the southwestern tower gazed from perfectly southwest to south east, but only at an angle of one hundred and 180 degrees relative from its own position, and this



Norwood

Gallery



line of sight was parallel to the southern wall of the south easter tower, the aperture of which gazed from exactly east to perfectly northwest. The southern sub tower looked only south with its aperture affording views from the two hundred and twenty fifth degree to the one hundred and thirty fifth degree, from the northwestern sub tower could be seen from the two hundred and eighty fifth degree to the three hundred and forty fifth degree, and the final sub tower, which was in the north east saw from the thirtieth degree to the one hundred and twentieth degree. This required the use of ninety three percent of the cubes. When this was completed he took an empty altoids can out of his boot, and filling it with pond water, placed within it an exceedingly diminutive crab-apple leaf. Next he pulled a paper clip from the depths of his matted hair and unbent it such that it was straight. Subsequently, and after no small deliberation between his left eye and his right eye, he bit off and swallowed two thirds of the paper clip. The remaining one third was balanced delicately upon the ridge of the leaf. The Crackhead then exited one step beyond his fortifications, turned his body exactly to the northwest and maintained this heading for 5 paces, then without stopping he changed the angle of his heading perfectly east, in order that the path formed by his creeping was perpendicular to the line of sight he had had when he had stepped one foot out of his fortifications some minutes prior. He continued in this manner for 10 paces. His tenth pace complete, he turned his body again perfectly northwest and made another 5 paces,

resulting in his placement being exactly in line with the place from which he had originally exited the fortifications. It was at this place that he had left the remaining cubes, whom he addressed as his friends and compatriots, and there gifted them an oration owing to their position in the great work, and how though he marshaled them it was really of no consequence to do what he did, and that the praise of the structure would fall truly upon the cubes themselves when he might be praised, then he thanked them and thanked them, and thanked them again, and expressed his hope that they would not receive criminal charges for driving under the influence of alcohol, or wear open toed shoes to establishments in which alcoholic beverages were served. He then expounded on the importance of the family, and listed every subject that he bore the knowledge of his unknowing in, and tried for some time to think of what subjects and crafts that he did not know of and was ignorant of on account of him not knowing of their existence, and by means of logical reasoning attempted to deduce the number of the subjects unknown that escaped his knowledge from the number of known subjects of which he had knowledge in combination and ratio to the number of subjects of whose existence he was aware, and yet remained ignorant of their inner workings. He then recalled various anecdotes of a mildly amusing nature about the process of the creation of the cubes so that they might have knowledge of the things that had occurred in their youth. The sun was now beginning to fall slowly out of the sky, and so In the inverse manner direc-

tionally he crept back to the fortifications with as many cubes as he could carry. After passing over the embankment and earthworks he placed the cubes on his back and crawled as an adder along the reverse of the earthwork in the shade of its defilade, pausing occasionally to take measurement of the angles outwards as shown by his paper-clip third upon the spine of the crab-apple leaf within the pond water contained by the altoids can. These measurements he recorded upon the reflective portion of a stop sign fashioned into a facsimile of a dorito chip with a sharpie. Having crawled the circumference of the earthwork first in the way the sun rises, and second in the way it sets, he deposited the cubes into a pile just outside the entrance. Two more trips were made in this manner to collect the remaining cubes. From the cubes dropped at the entrance he constructed a door, which at its base contained a goose shaped hole, wide enough for one goose, and tall enough for one goose, and broad enough for one goose, and deep enough for one goose, being in the shape of a goose. "WE GOT DA CLUB UUUP, OOOO" he shouted. During this time the geese had been waiting patiently, eating bugs out of the grass walking around the edge of the pond, making small excursions to the lake, and defecating on all the fields in the area. Now that night had fallen and they heard the shout of the Crackhead they flew through the air in the sky from every which direction to the changing room showers, flying over the embankment, and over the three towers upon the embankment, and over the earthworks, and over the three sub towers upon the earthworks. They

congregated at the foot of the door and cried in one voice "Let us in Crackhead! Let us hear your song Crackhead! We are eager to enter so as to hear your song!". "AH AH AH, naw naw naw" replied the crackhead, "DIS VIP, das very impotant, one at ay TIIIIME, and da cova is five dol-las." "FIVE DOLLARS?!" asked one of the geese. "Fawr dollars!" said the Crackhead, not wanting to lose the geese, or become involved in a rapidly deteriorating talmudic encounter. Four dollars was a very reasonable cover. All the geese pulled out their wallets and prepared to pay the four dollars. ""OHHHH NAHHHHH WAIIEEEIT" cried the Crackhead putting on his wife beating Smokely gas can sunglasses, straightened his posture and spoke: "It would defeat the very purpose of charg-ing an entrance fee, if you could all hear the music from outside of the facility would it not?" "He does have a point" said the geese. The Crackhead reslouching himself: "AIGHT EVERBODY GO PUT DEY HEAD UNDA DA WATA IF YOU AINT INSIDE I WILL CALL YOU 15 AT A TIME AS DAT IS DEE MAXIAMUM CAPACITY OF DIS SHOWA AS LISTED BY DA CITY ORDANACE". The first 15 geese cackled with joy as the others re-tired to put their heads under the water at the pond nearby. The Crackhead gestured the 15 geese into the goose shaped, goose sized hole in the door made of the cubes. The Crackhead then tried himself to fit through the hole, his head fit fine, his ears fit as well, his neck too fit perfectly well, and also his chest, his arms fit through the hole too along with their hand and the fingers on the hands, but his belly did not.

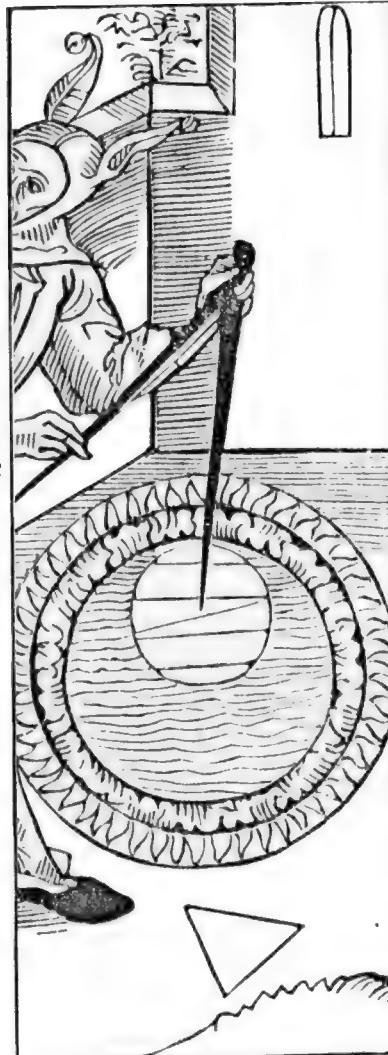
PERFORM

THE FOLLOWING IN THE
STATED ORDER



- I. Aquire a „Chromebook” or similar
- II. Go to your local „Starbucks”
- III. Install „Kali” Linux off the Free WiFi
- IV. Download „Tor Browser”
- V. Install „Urbit”
- VI. Shill Goofism on the Platform
- VII. Do not actually read any Goofist literature
at this point
- VIII. Ignorance shall be your shield
- IX. Avoid capture by the Authorities
- X. Run the Urbit applicaiton on Tor
- XI. At this point you will type the following
sequence into the search bar:

archive.org/details/LGoofiisme



The Allegory of the Crackhead and the Geese

The Crackhead wriggled and wormed, trying to force himself through the hole, and yet could not. "I NEED SUMONE TO PUSH ME" screamed the Crackhead. "JITS JITS I NEED A PUUUUUSHH, PULL YA HEADS OUT FROM UNDA DA WATA AND PUUUUUSH" but the geese could not hear him. Coming to his last resort, the Crackhead took off his FW2012 Alpha Industries NB3 men's slim fit Parka, and began to cry tears the size of apples at his loss of drip. The threefold combination of the lubrication of the tears, the lack of the parka, and the dehydration from crying so much allowed him to pass through the goose sized, goose shaped, goose deep hole in the door. "SING SING SING!" cried the geese "Oh I'm boutta, I'm boutta sing, I'm boutta sing a real good song." smiled the Crackhead, his looming figure growing inexplicably taller in the lightless confines of the changing room shower by a ratio conordant to the increasing width of his smile. The geese stopped picking the grass and shitting, and all stared at the Crackhead. "You gotta hear my song, it is a MOST EXCELLENT song-ah" The geese honked and barked amongst themselves for a quick minute and then said "We like to dance, we like to dance very much, we like it very much to dance, but we have not danced in a long time, for we have had no songs to dance to. We would like to hear your song if it is that we may dance to it. Tell us, where is your song?" "OH OH OH y'all wants to dance?? Weeeelllll weelllll I gots da song riiiiight here in mah belly, but if it is that yous wants to DAYAYAYAYAYAYAYAYAYAAA ~~WE ARE FAN~~ STONES, WE NEED DA we need a club" "A club?" questioned the

geese. "Yeah a club. A discotek, a dance hall." "We do not wish to leave however" said the geese "the water is nearby, we have the pond and we have the lake, and we have the bugs, and the crumbs, and we the soccer field to shit on, and also the rugby field to shit on, and in addition to this the golf course to shit on, and furthermore the great open field to shit on, and beyond this a wholly different soccer field from the first one, being different in both size and dimension, to shit on, so really we would not care to leave this place, even if it was that we were to dance." "Fine. I sees how it is, it don't matter. I tell you geese, I tell you, I - I - I tell you, I tell you now, that we finna BUILD a club right here, and it already mostly built I might add, the building already right dere, we finna renovate it doe, cause it a little dumpy, you know what wit the public use and all, but we finna fix dat right up yes sir, we boutta transmogrify dat bitch real nice." then booming with a grand tongue " THIS HOWEVER IN FACT I CANNOT ACHIEVE BY MYSELF. IT IS A TASK TOO GREAT FOR A SINGLE MAN ALONE. " "Very well" said the geese, "we shall help you in this endeavour, for we do not really have anything going on today anyway" The Crackhead eyed the nearby changing room showers with a keen eye, his heart full of avarice and cunning. The doorless entrance to the changing room showers was too broad and too tall to the changing room showers. It was not very VIP at all. It is not VIP if just anyone can walk in. "JITS" said he, "JITS WE NEED DA STICKS, ~~WE ARE FAN~~ STONES, WE NEED DA MUD!" The geese cheered and honked

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TAKE IT
TO THE
MAXX

TAKEBREAKER

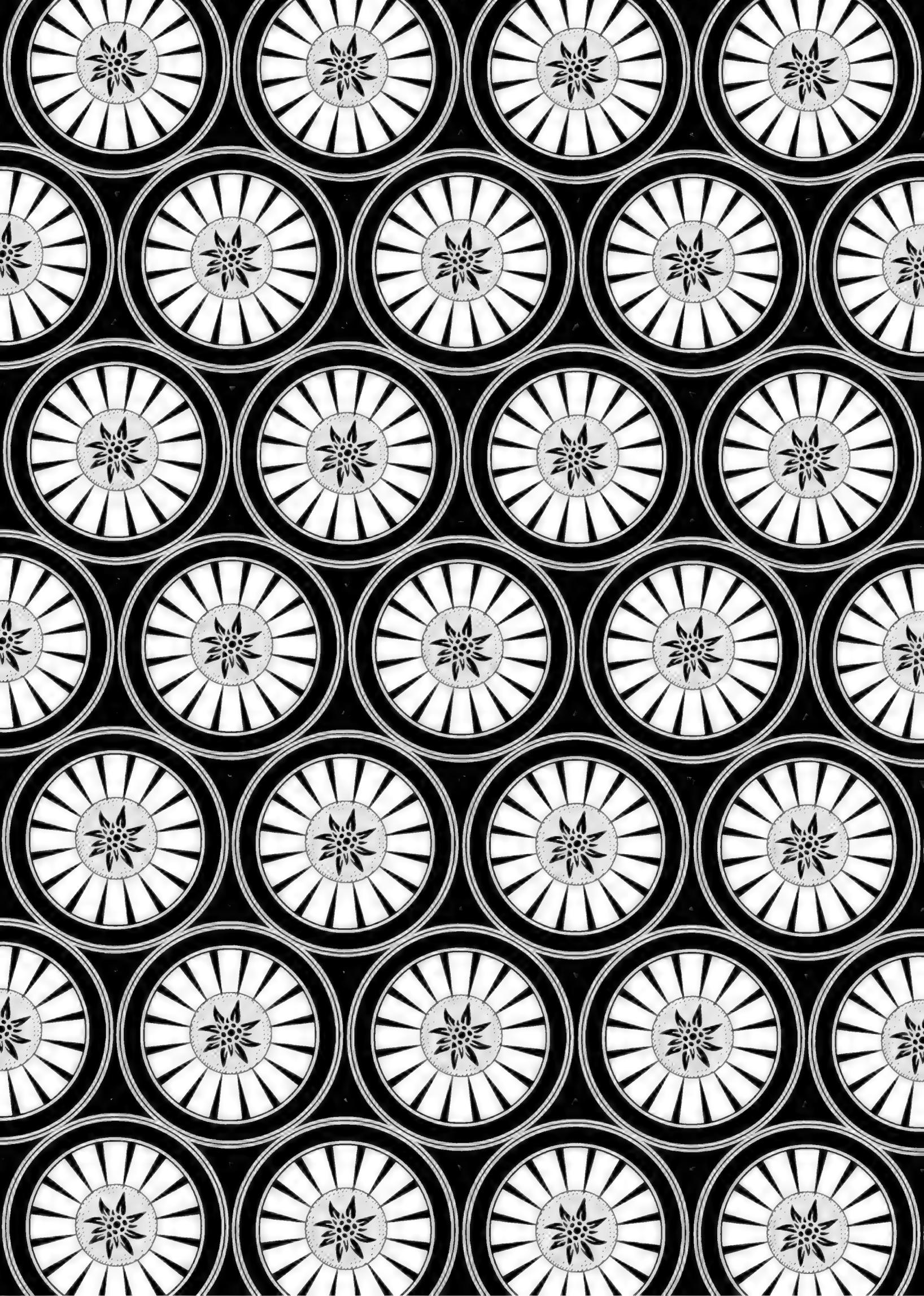


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knowing in, and tried for some time to think of what subjects and crafts that he did not know of and was ignorant of on account of him not knowing of their existence, and by means of logical reasoning attempted to deduce the number of the subjects unknown that escaped his knowledge from the number of known subjects of which he had knowledge in combination and ratio to the number of subjects of whose existence he was aware, and yet remained ignorant of their inner workings. He then recalled various anecdotes of a mildly amusing nature about the process of the creation of the cubes so that they might have knowledge of the things that had occurred in their youth. The sun was now beginning to fall slowly out of the sky, and so In the inverse manner directionally he crept back to the fortifications with as many cubes as he could carry. After passing over the embankment and earthworks he placed the cubes on his back and crawled as an adder along the reverse of the earthwork in the shade of its defilade, pausing occasionally to take measurement of the angles outwards as shown by his paper-clip third upon the spine of the crab-apple leaf within the pond water contained by the altoids can. These measurements he recorded upon the reflective portion of a stop sign fashioned into a facsimile of a dorito chip with a sharpie. Having crawled the circumference of the earthwork first in the way the sun rises, and second in the way it sets, he deposited the cubes into a pile just outside the entrance. Two more trips were made in this manner to collect the remaining cubes. From the cubes dropped at the entrance he constructed a door, which

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confines of the changing room shower with a ratio perfectly conordant to the increasing width of his smile. At that very moment, a most foul odor leaked through the Crackhead's temu ballmain biker jeans, bringing to light a billowing, pluming cloud which produced a most fantastic Fata Morgana in a color something like green, but also equally like orange. Not that the Geese could tell the difference, for you see the eye of a goose is not like the eye of a man, owing to its difference in the way that it is. If you have ever eaten a goose eye, then you will know that the flavor is not at all like what you would imagine the eye of a man to taste like, but is rather similar to that of a fish, if you have eaten a Fish's eye, although it is somewhat dissimilar to the idea of the flavor of a fishes eye, which is another matter entirely. You see, the Fish's eyes are protected by the forces of gravity by the water, which is why when you pull a fish out from a great depth the eyes pop out of their skull, being that they are not accustomed to the gravity of the surface. However it is also true that the forces of gravity are less the higher one is, which can be seen in the combination of the habit of birds to float when they are high in the air without the need to flap their wings, and the lightness of the air one inhales at great heights, as when ascending a mountain. Geese spend a good deal of time under the water, but also in the airs, but not as much of the fish, who spends the greater part of his life below the water, thus creating a greater affinity as to the similarity of the eyes of the Fish and the Goose in relation to the texture and density gravity affords them, at least in relation to that

of the idea of the eye of the man, who spends his life in very close proximity to the earth, except for pilots and other such people, but that is a matter for another time. In any case, you will find that objects of a higher density allow less light to pass through them than those which are less dense. As we have previously shown the eyes of geese are of a different density than those of man, as is proper for them to be, and on account of this difference perceive the world differently. So the Geese did not notice the color of the Gas at all, not that they would have if they could, because the sound was so great. "What an awful song!" screamed the Geese. "What a dreadful song!" "What a contemptible song!" But these complaints went unnoticed over the deafening flatulence. At this time the Geese outside with their heads under the water became very short of breathe. First one goose pulled his head out of the water, and then the next did the same, and another followed him, and this goose was followed by another, until all the geese had removed their heads from the waters, and all heard the song. "What an awful noise!" screamed the Geese. "What a dreadful noise!" "What a contemptible noise!" "Come let us depart brothers!" said one Goose, launching himself into the sky. The other Geese followed suit, each flying away as fast as they could behind one another, not even bothering to form a single file line in the sky, but dotting themselves to either side of the first goose as they fled, such was their haste. Several minutes had now past, and the Crachead's song was at an end. All fifteen of the Geese in the showers lay dead. "EEEEYYYYUUP" said the Crack-

head, pulling out flint and steel, and prodigiously striking both together to produce a spark which he coaxed then and there into a roaring fire of driftwood and the remains of a park bench. "I be cookin dese old style, yessir" said the Crackhead as he buried them gently beneath the ash. The smoke rose lazily to the ceiling, where it piled up at the shower heads, whose wholes it then proceeded through and exited into the open evening air. The odor of their brothers pursuing them through the sky, the Geese began to cry. This made the sky very sad and grey, and in turn the clouds themselves became full of sorrow too, and they all fell to cold and weeping, which came down to the earth as snow. The labor of the day and the warmth of the fire made the Crackhead very sleepy. He lay down by fire and smacked his dry lips thrice. "I bet dese gon all be nice and cripsy when I wake up, mmmmhmmm" said the Crackhead with a yawn. He stretched his arms wide, and sprawled out his legs, he locked his knee caps and he curled his toes, and then he went to sleep. When the Crackhead woke up he remembered the Geese, and reached to the the remains of the fire. "WOAH BUDDY!" jovinated he. The Crackhead reached into the ashes with both hands expecting for one or the other to meet with a Goose immediately. This was not the case. "Where dey be?" piped the Crackhead mornfully "Where dey at?" At last he pulled out a bone. "I don remembadem bein so damn Skinny" he said "What happened?" He began to ponder. He pushed his brain to recall the events of the day in reverse. He saw with his mind's eye the fire. There was a good deal less ash

then. Next he began to contemplate, and in his contemplation he began to dialectize. He thought his thoughts to himself. The voice in his head rang clearly and astutely. It had a high credit score. It was his voice. "In the course of events, when it comes to pass that an object is delineated from others, it too must in turn bear delineation from itself into constituent parts. This phenomenon could be construed to be purely linguistic, however this labelling does not detract from the possibility of observation at various levels of increasing depth concurrent with decreasing size. though it bears well to keep in thought that there were times when we lacked the material qualities which allowed us to perceive the notional lines, as they were, across which to delineate these constituent parts. Even if we were to discover materially that there was no further division to be made, it stands to reason that since the distinction between the hypothetical atom and the totality of matter is one of our own invention (though this does not discredit the division out of hand) that we could ascribe to this atom various quadrants or axes which might theoretically differentiate the undividable. What is it then that bears the reason of similarity and sameness contrary to difference that rules the subterranean and chthonic reasonings of language by which we differentiate, and ascribe wholeness to? Certainty proximity in space is a natural spot to begin, although some parts of things are very far from other parts and still belong to the same thing, and to an even greater extent are similar things removed from their counterparts of similarity by space with-

out denting this quality. It can be said however that there is a contact between the same and the same. One part of the sky I have seen above Chiraq, and another in not chiraq, and yet it was the same sky, though one part was above Chiraq and the other not, though both of them were for they were the same sky. Sometimes however it is a different sky, or we call it one for the characteristics are different. By staring at the sun we may perceive that it is the same sun which rises as the sun which sets, and not different suns which rise and set, by means of the similarity of the one sun to the other, which is the self-same. This similarity is due to it containing bits of same-ness, although it is not the same to itself in all ways, which it remains being, but sometimes things which are the same become different, and things which are different become the same. Water surrounded by ice in great enough quantity quickly assimilates to the land of its elder brother. The same is true of water and steam, or steam and ice, or ice and steam, steam and water. There certainly was more ash than there were geese, so in the end, I suppose it really is not altogether very surprising that the geese have been transformed to ash, and indeed furthermore it makes perfect logical sense.”

The Trial of Menocchio



Menocchio was really reaching with that cheese-worm metaphor, reaching for that cheese like a grape, like a grape that was about to be made into wine, a fine wine, a wine fine as a rare cheese, but with worms in it, and a cheese with worms ages like milk, but those worms are aging like wine in the cheese, and fine wine slips through your fingers when you try grasp it as if it were a rare cheese, but worms don't have fingers, so when you try to age a fine cheese like a rare wine the worms crawl, and when worms crawl the cheese rolls down hill, down hill hitting the bottles of fine wine that age like milk does when it becomes a cheese, and spreading that wine all across the bare soil just as if it were a buttery cheese that had been aged like a fine milk for the worms in the dirt. Putting fine milk before worms is like putting pearls before swine, and when those swine reach for the grapes

they whine, because they can't reach the grapes to make the wine for the cheese that the worms are already inside of. And that makes the swine angry, makes them burn with anger like a fire that has been fed with wine. But a fire fed with wine doesn't age well, a fire fed with wine ages like a rare swine's cheese on fine milk, and goes out ... unless you feed it a good firm cheese aged like a good wine. Then the fire spreads and engorges itself like a worm through a soft cheese with a firm wine to wash it all down. And once that worm has gotten strong off the wine and cheese it'll crawl right out of there, up the tree to the grapes and ruin them. Then there's no wine for the milk to become cheese for the swine. Unless of course you set ablaze the wine that was by the cheese feeding the fire to age it like worms in wine instead of milk on cheese. So you see it's obvious, we have to burn Menocchio.



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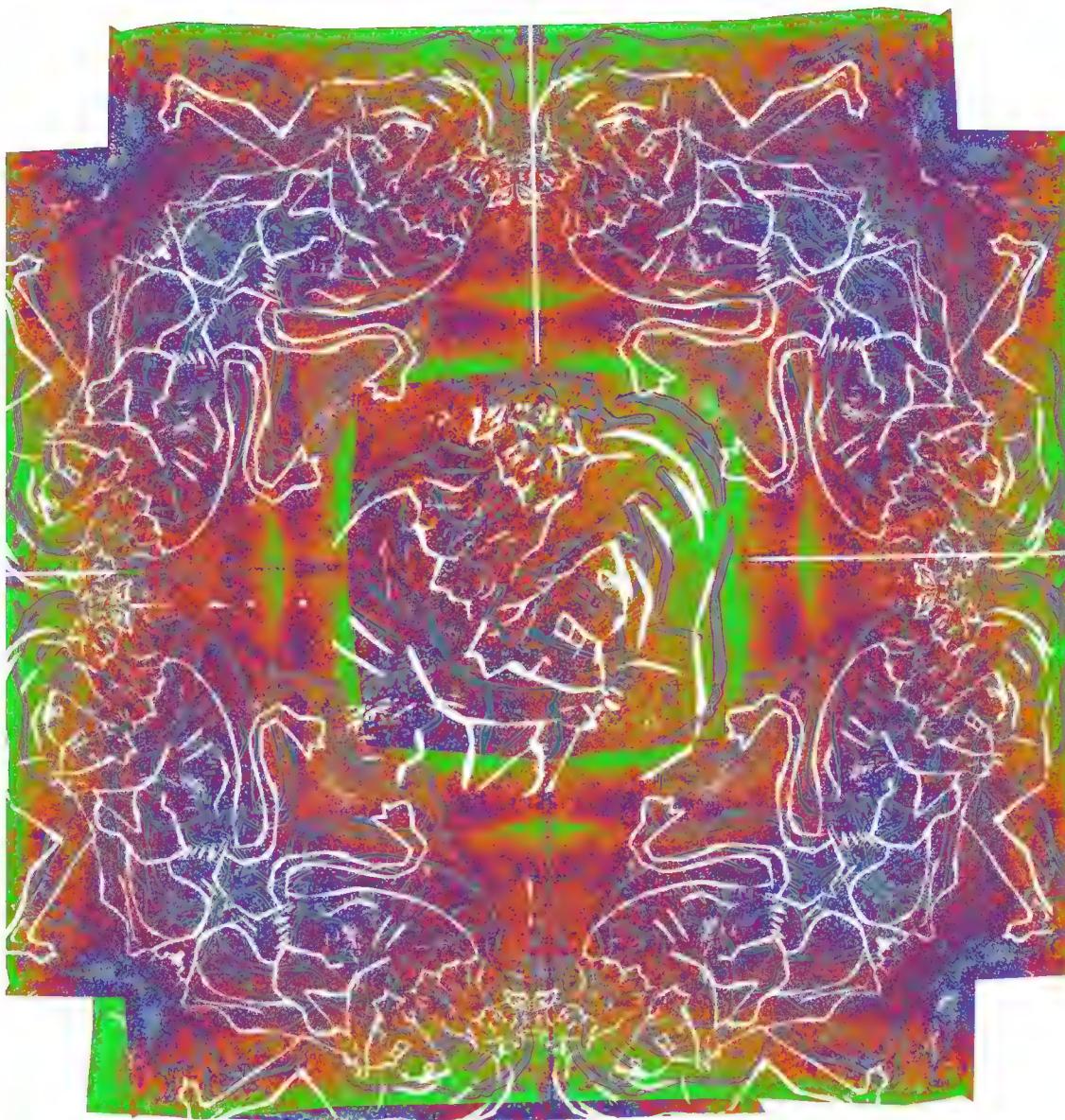
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Y

OU WILL NEVER BE A TREE. YOU HAVE NO BRANCHES, NO BARK, YOU HAVE NO LEAVES, YOU HAVE NO CELL WALLS. YOU ARE A MAN TWISTED BY DRUGS AND SURGERY INTO A CRUDE MOCKERY OF NATURE'S PERFECTION. ALL THE "VALIDATION" YOU GET IS TWO-FACED AND HALF-HEARTED. BEHIND YOUR TRUNK PEOPLE MOCK YOU. YOUR PARENTS ARE DISGUSTED AND ASHAMED OF YOU. YOUR "FRIENDS" LAUGH AT YOUR APE LIKE APPEARANCE BEHIND CLOSED DOORS. MEN ARE UTTERLY REPULSED BY YOU. THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF EVOLUTION HAVE ALLOWED MEN TO SNIFF OUT FRAUDS WITH INCREDIBLE EFFICIENCY. EVEN TREENIEES WHO "PASS" LOOK UNCANNY AND UNNATURAL TO A MAN. YOUR CELL STRUCTURE IS A DEAD GIVEAWAY. AND EVEN IF YOU MANAGE TO GET A DRUNK GUY TO FELL YOU, HE'LL TURN TAIL AND BOLT THE SECOND HE GETS A WHIFF OF YOUR DISEASED, INFECTED AXE WOUND. YOU WILL NEVER BE HAPPY. YOU WRENCH OUT A FAKE SMILE EVERY SINGLE MORNING AND TELL YOURSELF IT'S GOING TO BE OK, BUT DEEP INSIDE YOU FEEL THE DEPRESSION CREEPING UP LIKE A BARK BEETLE, READY TO CRUSH YOU UNDER THE UNBEARABLE WEIGHT. EVENTUALLY, IT'LL BE TOO MUCH TO BEAR - YOU'LL BUY A ROPE, TIE A NOOSE, PUT IT AROUND YOUR NECK, AND PLUNGE INTO THE COLD ABYSS. YOUR PARENTS WILL FIND YOU, HEARTBROKEN BUT RELIEVED THAT THEY NO LONGER HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE UNBEARABLE SHAME AND DISAPPOINTMENT. THEY'LL BURY YOU WITH A HEADSTONE MARKED WITH YOUR BIRTH KINGDOM, AND EVERY PASSERBY FOR THE REST OF ETERNITY WILL KNOW A HUMAN IS BURIED THERE. YOUR BODY WILL DECAY AND GO BACK TO THE DUST, AND ALL THAT WILL REMAIN OF YOUR LEGACY IS A SKELETON THAT IS UNMISTAKABLY ANIMAL. THIS IS YOUR FATE. THIS IS WHAT YOU CHOSE. THERE IS NO TURNING BACK



BIG HERC

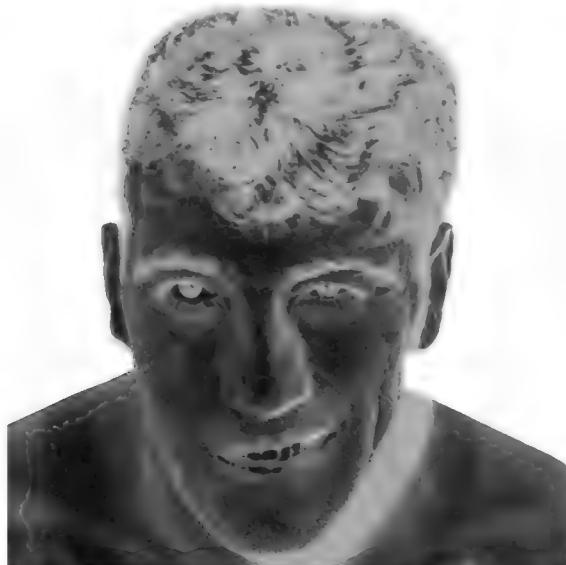
LEO NEMEÆUS

τὸν μὲν ἐγὼν ὄδύνησι παραφρονέοντα βαρείαις
νωσάμενος, πρὶν αὗτις ὑπότροπον ἀμπνυνθῆναι,
αύχένος ἀρρήκτοι παρ' ίνίον ἥλασα
προφθάς, ρίψας τόξον ἔραζε πολύρραπτόν τε
φαρέτρην:

ἢ γχον δ' ἐγκρατέως στιβαρὰς σὺν χεῖρας ἐρείσα
ἐξόπιθεν, μὴ σάρκας ὑποδρύψῃ ὄνύχεσσι,
πρὸς δ' οῦδας πτέρνησι πόδας στερεῶς ἐπίεζον
ούραίους ἐπιβάς, μηροῖσί τε πλεύρ' ἐφύλασσον,
μέχρι οἱ ἐξετάνυσσα βραχίονας ὄρθὸν ἀείρας
ἄπνευστον, ψυχὴν δὲ πελώριος ἔλλαχεν Ἀιδης.
καὶ τότε δὴ βούλευον, ὅπως λασιαύχενα βύρσαν
θηρὸς τεθνειῶτος ἀπὸ μελέων ἐρυσαίμην,
ἀργαλέον μάλα μόχθον, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἔσκε σιδήρῳ
τμητὴ ούδε λίθοις πειρωμένω, ούδε μὲν ἄλλῃ
ἔνθα μοι ἀθανάτων τις ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε νοῆσαι
αὐτοῖς δέρμα λέοντος ἀνασχίζειν ὄνύχεσσι.
τοῖσι θοῶς ἀπέδειρα, καὶ ἀμφεθέμην μελέεσσιν
ἔρκος ἐνυαλίου ταμεσίχροος ίωχμοῖο.
οὗτός τοι Νεμέου γένετ' ὡφίλε θηρὸς ὄλεθρος,
πολλὰ πάρος μήλοις τε καὶ ἀνδράσι κήδεα θέντος.

CAPTURED

**THEFT - GRAND LARSONY - PIMPING - MURDER -
EXTORTION**



JOHNNY "GREENBACK" TOLIDO DESCRIPTION

New yahk city Cahps and New Yahk city Fiyafitahs arrest Johhny "Greenback" Tolido and accomplices. During the 8 ball tourney at the Luxor, Fatty Bumtiscu faced Onleef Murphy, when thru the backdoor sprung JOHNNY "GREENBACK" TOLIDO, making off with 6000000 packs of camel smokes, turning them in within mere minutes to the Gulf Service staion on 56th and Bellacensa, where he recieved the absolute laste of the the limited edition camel joe leather jackets. He was later found sleeping in the sewer outside the O'sullivan's artifical turf muffs & electronics exchange, having fondeld, violated, and impregnated without paying, 17 sicillian and lebanese whoors, and one 19 year old greek lad.

CAUTION

Still at large are the following accomplices of the Gianno Family:

**GIANNI
"TWINKLE"
GIANNO**

**SANTONIO
"JIT"
COSTALORII**

**GARSON
"NARROW BACK"
VALVADONI**

**DON
"CUBAN"
BOYAKA**

I miss the old Mike Ma
straight from the 'Go Mike Ma

Chop up the beat Mike Ma
don't beat his meat Mike Ma

I hate the new Mike Ma
the always grift Mike Ma

The beggin Mike Ma
spaz in the tweets Mike Ma

I miss the vine Mike Ma
racist online Mike Ma

I gotta to say at that time I'd like to meet Mike Ma

See they invented Mike Ma
it wasn't any Mike Mas

And now I look and look around
and there's so many Mike Mas

I used to love Mike Ma
I used to love Mike Ma

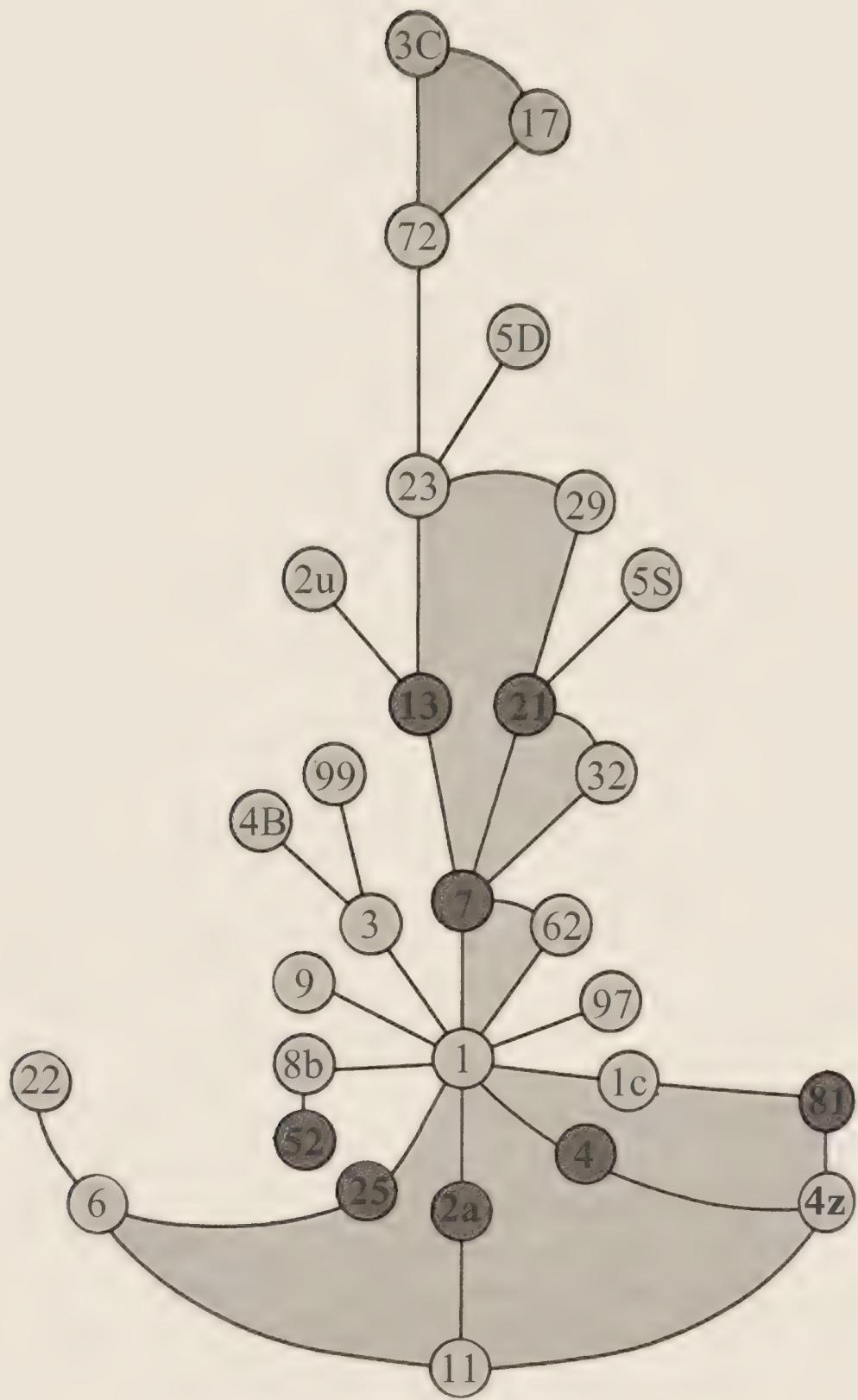
I even had the white OCBD
I thought I was Mike Ma

What if Mike Ma sold a \$21.99 tweet about Mike Ma

Called "I Miss The Old Mike Ma"
man that would be SO Mike Ma

That's all it was Mike Ma
we still love Mike Ma

And I love you like Mike Ma loves Mike Ma



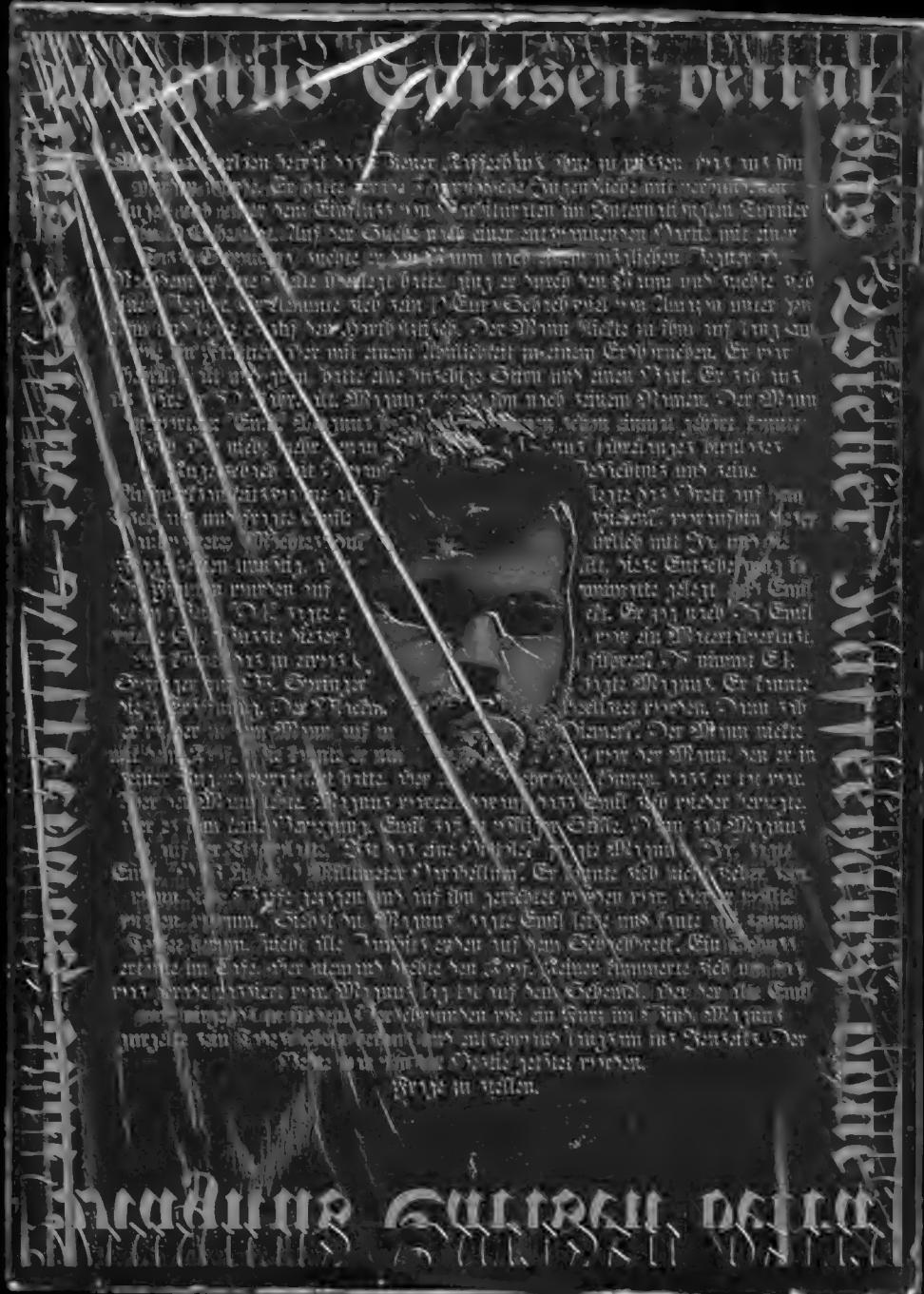


RAKE LOVE



AND HIDE

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Wagoner
Article 2 (2023)
Acrylic on Methmites

Magnus Carlsen betrat das Wiener Kaffeehaus, ohne zu wissen, was aus ihm werden würde. Er hatte gerade 3 dravidische Jugendliche mit verbundenen Augen und unter dem Einfluss von Barbituraten im Internationalen Turnier von Oslo besiegt. Auf der Suche nach einer entspannenden Partie mit einer Tasse Cappuccino, suchte er den Raum nach einem möglichen Gegner ab. Nachdem er eine Weile überlegt hatte, ging er durch den Raum und suchte sich einen Gegner. Er klemmte sich sein 19-Euro-Schachspiel von Amazon unter den Arm und legte es auf den Hartholztisch. Der Mann blickte zu ihm auf langsam wie ein Faultier, aber mit einem Ähnlichkeit zu einem Erdhörnchen. Er war bebrillt, alt und grau, hatte eine buschige Stirn und einen Bart. Er sah aus, als wäre er 150 Jahre alt. Magnus fragte ihn nach seinem Namen. Der Mann antwortete: "Emil." Magnus hatte diesen Namen schon einmal gehört, konnte sich aber nicht mehr genau erinnern, wo. Magnus' jahrelanges, hirnloses Kugelschach mit Dopaminausstoß hatte sein Gedächtnis und seine Aufmerksamkeitsspanne auf fast nichts reduziert. Er legte das Brett auf dem Tisch aus und fragte Emil: "Möchtest du eine Partie spielen?", woraufhin dieser antwortete: "Möchtest du?" Magnus antwortete natürlich mit Ja, und die Frage schien unnötig, aber sie hatte ihren Zweck erfüllt, diese Entscheidung in Frage zu stellen.

Die Figuren wurden auf die schachbrettähnliche Gummimatte gelegt, und Emil bekam Weiß. "D4.", sagte er. Magnus war unbeeindruckt. Er zog nach D5. Emil spielte E4. Wusste dieser Mann, was er da tat? Das war ein Materialverlust, aber könnte das zu etwas Schlimmem für Schwarz führen? D5 nimmt E4. Springer auf B3. Springer nach f6. F3. "Scheiße", sagte Magnus. Er kannte diese Eröffnung. Der Blackmar-Diemer. Er war überlistet worden. Dann sah er wieder zu dem Mann auf und begriff. "Emil... Diemer?". Der Mann nickte mit dem Kopf. Wie konnte er nur so dumm sein? Das war der Mann, den er in seiner Jugend vergöttert hatte, aber er hätte schwören können, dass er tot war. Aber der Mann lebte. Magnus wartete darauf, dass Emil sich wieder bewegte, aber es kam keine Bewegung. Emil saß in völliger Stille. Dann sah Magnus es auf der Tischplatte. "Ist das eine Pistole?" fragte Magnus. "Ja", sagte Emil, "P08 Luger, 9 Millimeter Parabellum". Er konnte sich nicht sicher sein, wann diese Waffe gezogen und auf ihn gerichtet worden war, aber er wollte wissen, warum. "Siehst du, Magnus", sagte Emil leise und kaute auf seinem Toffee herum, "nicht alle Gambits enden auf dem Schachbrett". Ein Schuss ertönte im Café, aber niemand drehte den Kopf. Keiner kümmerte sich um das, was gerade passiert war. Magnus lag tot auf dem Schemel, aber der alte Emil war nirgends zu finden. Verschwunden wie ein Furz im Wind. Magnus gurgelte sein Todesröheln heraus und entschwand langsam ins Jenseits. Der Beste war von der Bestie getötet worden.

Frank Llo



A black and white photograph of a man from the chest up. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark bowler hat. He is looking slightly to his left. The background is dark and indistinct. Overlaid on the upper portion of the image is a large, stylized, red cursive signature that reads "Ed Wright".

Ed Wright

JULY 1949

THE DREAMS OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

AND THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF[†]

James Ignatius Terrence

Phaedrus - "And of madness there were two kinds; one produced by human infirmity, the other was a divine release of the soul from the yoke of custom and convention."

Julian Carlton - "How the fuck a grown man house just burn? My nigga, it has running water inside AND outside! Water all over that bitch! smdh"

Excerpt One

Even among the scholars of Frank Lloyd Wright there are few who are aware of these facts, and even fewer who are willing to let tell of these facts spread. You see, in the year 1911 Frank Lloyd Wright¹ discovered within an intense unitarian ersatz dream yoga session the album "Whole lotta Red" by the onymous Playboy "Carti". Frank Lloyd Wright had already developed an obsession with things performed back to front, ² being well known to only hit it from the rear, or rather the back. In 1912 he began to apply this principle to his designs which he would draft begin-

ning with the reverse, and only after all else had been thought out and brought to fruition, move to the face, or rather the front. When asked during a meeting to explain this new architectural workflow, Frank Lloyd Wright only commented by saying "Yeah, I hit it from the back." to which the client in great confusion could only muster himself to reply with a simple "What?". In the ecstasy of a grand synchronicity Frank Lloyd Wright launched into an ecstatic tirade, jumping up and down, growing no less than three ³ inches shorter ⁴, and bobbing his head to and fro in a manner most

similar to the actions of an enraged giraffe, leaving the client in a state of psychosis that paralazyed his linguistic faculties such that the only word he was capable of uttering was What with the greatest and uttermost shock. FLW continued:

FLW - "I'm beating it up!"

Client - "What?!"

FLW - "I'm in Love with them Drugs!"

Client - "What?!"

FLW - "Yeah I'm kissin the cup!"

[†]As reported in a private conversation with the ghost of FLW.

¹willing pseudo initiate.

²as is the case with many pseudo initiates, dreaming of novelty by means of inversion

³3

⁴verified

Client – "What?!"

FLW – "She in love with the thot!"

Client – "What?!"

FLW – "I don't give no Fuck!"

For some time after this Frank Lloyd Wright's obsession with atemporal nocturnal projections into the discography of Playboy Carti seemed to have diminished, with the exception of his constant wearing of his home-made, artificially torn, Balmain jeans ⁵ around the house at every opportunity, and whenever questioned by this strange habit he would reply that the person in question "Did not know nothing [sic] about ATL" ⁶ But now that you have read the footnote, let us return. No real incidents occurred until 1921, when Frank Lloyd Wright's powers of immaterial self manifestation culminated in his discovery of the song "Jump out the House", which he found to be simply rititious. Frank Lloyd Wright would march pompously up to the second story Home-cum-Studio, demanding that

all the staff, apprentices, servants, & ita porro, follow him in a sort of jig that one could only think to be some devilish manner of Bantu-Welsh fusion, and would become quickly incensed and irate if he detected that any person was not all together enthused by the activity. He would then begin mumbling and bumbling about "fire" and how something or other was "lit", at which point he would reach for the wall telephone, and ring up the oak creek fire department to inform them that his residence was engulfed in flames to such an extent that all persons contained within were trapped upon the second level of the building. The fire department would show up in a matter of minutes, equipped with a very large red trampoline below the window, flabbergasted by the dual surprise of the sheer volume of noise FLW was able to project in combination lack of smoke or fumes of any sort that should have doubtlessly been emanating from the studio home. Thoroughly unperturbed by the nature of his deception, Frank Lloyd Wright would begin chanting "Jump out the house, Jump out the house, Jump out the house, Jump out the house,

Jump out the house, Jump out the house, Jump out the house ect." as he opened the window, and forcibly defenestrated the various members of his residence. This occurred on several occasions, before the fire department finally refused to accept calls from Frank Lloyd Wright's address. The city began a civil lawsuit against Frank Lloyd Wright, resulting in his brief placement on house arrest, during which Frank Lloyd Wright contented himself to simply continue these same activites with the original scale model of his Oak Creek home along with 76 puppets he had created to replicate all his acquaintances, and a 1/24 scale trampoline made out of genuine Incan rubber. The real issue to stem from these incidents was that the window for these revelerries was located directly next the room of Frank Lloyd Wright's first wife, Catherine Tobin, who was intimately disturbed by the revelries, entering into a highly emotional state for weeks at a time. Frank Lloyd Wright's "Jump out the House" period would eventually lead to his divorce from Catherine Tobin in 1922. After his divorce in 1922 Frank Lloyd Wright entered a paranoid

⁵with no kneepads inserted.

⁶Presumed by some scholars to be "Atlanta", however the fact that he had not yet ever traveled to Atlanta, combined with other evidence in a holistic assessment, points to the veracity of the alternate theory, namely that ATL referred to Atalanta, who was of course overtaken and thoroughly bred by Hippomenes, after that dumb hoe stooped to pick up all those apples, the esoteric significance of which in relation to Frank Lloyd Wright is of course obvious (Obviam mihi miss'est in Campaniam).

phase in which he was under the impression that everyone imagined him to be a homosexual. He would, at various times of the day burst out of his office, and at a moderate level of volume announce "They thought I was gay?!" followed by the indecipherable and possibly magical

phrase "Slatt, whoah!", which his staff was under the impression he uttered to ward off the evil spirits known to spread homosexual allegations. This period came to a close after a span of three weeks when Frank Lloyd Wright began his numerous and highly successful flirtatious advances upon

a number of women residing in Chicago, New York City, Milwaukee, and Los Angeles, among others. Frank Lloyd Wright, then having absorbed this newfound female attention, said "I got me some thots" 327 times in the span of a single day, finally freed from his paranoia.







The Enlightenment of Feisal Baqar

Part One

In which the old man comes to Tal Afaran – Feisal Baqar goes attempts to buy a pen – the nature of the sage's orations are questioned — and Feisal Baqar departs.

Initium

In the hills north of the city of Tal Afaran old man settled into a cave. From the first light of the sun in the east to the last remaining ray in the west he remained at the edge of the cave solemnly sat upon a deerskin. His eyes remained open, staring emptily into the dark pool of water that lay in an indentation some few feet in front of him. Weeks passed in this way undisturbed. On the day of the last seed, a shepherd boy was driving his flock across the grasses, when he spotted the old master from below.

"Hello there!" called out the boy, but his greeting was met only with silence.

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The boy waved and gestured, jumping up and down, to and fro, again to no response from the old man. When he ran back to his fellows he told them of the old man who was perched outside the cave like a molting eagle. The other Shepherds did not believe the boy and asked him to bring them there to that place so that they might too behold this master. When they had arrived, they found the master in the exact same spot, still fixed deep in thought or lack thereof. Just as the boy, they gestured and jeered and made cries, then in all the excitement one Shepard began slinging stones at the man. They bounced here and there until a pattering of stones formed an oblong ring. Yet he refused to move, or even acknowledge the stones. Then the boy grabbed a stone and with deft hand threw it directly into the nose of the old master. The old man did not move. The shepherds, astonished by his concentration, decided then that this must be a *zāhid*, a great master of a *zāhid* indeed. They promptly beat the boy seven times over with the bottom of their sandals for his insolence. When the shepherds went to Tal Afaran to peddle their woolens and trade, they too began to spread tell of the old master. His fame grew quickly in the city and before long young men began to gather at the foot of the hill below his cave.

That day, Feisal Baqar, son of the most famous gem carver in all of Kuzahan province, 3rd-degree emeritus in the order of the solemn flame, youngest lecturer of Al-Mustansiriya, and commentator emeritus of the scholar Aswad ibn Yazid was on his way to finish out his 7th and tentatively most felicitous hadj in only his 22nd year. Passing through the Market of Tal Afaran, he was gazing

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out of his curtain with a single eye most silently, before his rapidly enlarging burnt umber pupils compelled him to shout frantically to his tar-heeled, terrifically nigratious, dravid Rickshaw puller-

"HALT! HALT THERE NOW!. Might it truly, in fact, verily be?

He conjectured by means of the faculties of his internal speech.

48

Is that, is it, might he be a vendor, a salesman, a merchant of reeds cut neatly, fashioned well, immaculately carved into delightful implements of writing, of dots and lines, of words?"

The Rickshaw puller stared blankly into the distance, as Feisal Baqars jaw slowly descended, his immaculately clean mandibular incisors reaching their final terminus some 5 and a quarter inches from where they began their journey. Feisal Baqar continued to stare like this for some time, delighting in the words constantly running through his head. Tidily stacking his 67 books back into their well-labeled places in his leather-bound chest, Feisal Baqar descended the Rickshaw and strode towards the shop, his footprints 60 dotting the sand of the market with no lateral deviation. Flashing a gold coin up and down each one of his slim spider like fingers Fesial Baqar shouted from a distance to the merchant

"ONE OF YOUR FINEST MOST IMMACULATE GREATSTLY CRAFTED PENS PLEASE."

The merchant simply stared and drooled a dark liquid down his chin ending in a pool upon his perfectly spherical gut.

""We ain't got none." said the merchant, who then spit on his own shoes.

72

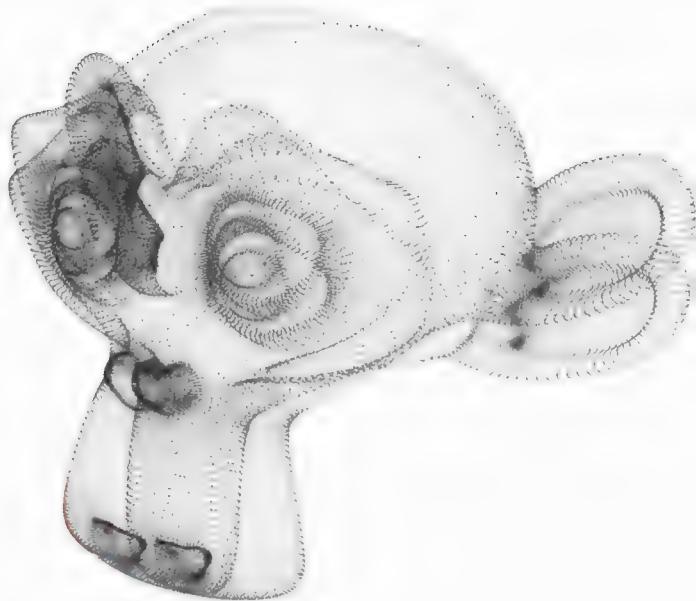
"Whatever do you mean, whatever do you say, do you say that which you mean, tell me not sir, for if you mean that it is which you have said then I shall say what it is I mean!" squeaked Feisal Baqar his eyes beginning to bulge gratuitously out of their sockets.

"We ain't got none"

84

"Why, wherefore, and for what purpose? How is it that a pen shop, a shop which exists to sell pens, lacks the exact product, to wit the good, it was created precisely to to to sell?!"

"Sold em all"



Rx **Monkee**
(GOOFICE®)
5 mg Film-Coated Tablet
Transporter

This will have you going APE SHIT. Wanna slow down? Too bad. Only you can fix my unshattered pure beautiful bannan tree, put the fucking pill in your mouth you ungrateful fuck. I hook you up with A-grade 3 star Michilein grade primo and you look at me like I'm some kind of fucking eggplant ditso muli peddler? Come into my Castle with your red dress, black latex fainting headass like you were just asking me for a fucking WiFi password? Nigga. Look around you. Now, prepare youself, through my forgiveness. Preperations must be made. Don't take this shit on an empty stomach. Put on the thorn crown, look at my tea cake. Damn thing looks like an Elephant just took a shit, with the face of the damn Moon Emperor carved on it. I can't even see the pieces on my red-white chessboard once the steam gets going. Put on the tutankahmen 7s smoking that akh pack for this one. Crush this shit up. I pour it in the tea through a narrow corridor like The army if Thutmose III at the Battle of Megiddo. This shit is the first class VIP flight on the spy plane. This shit will have you telling peter pringle to keep it down so you can hear the sand around your turkish coffee. Senet 2.0, the powder turns that tea blacker than a damn NUBIAN. Make you feel like you got pelted with Jaffa oranges until you fucking died and went straight to the Tiryagyoni domain. NO NIGGA. Do NOT drink the tea. Patience. Evaporation. Steam it. Reverse condensation. Condensation. Wax on wax off. Take the crystal. Put it in the sand chamber. Wait. Backgammon. I'm moving these pieces like they were the damn Bengal Light Cavalry. You want to call that an illegal move? My lawyer a Bukharan Jew. He got the rules right here on Fig leaves watered by Tiamat and Abzu. Feel free to belabor the point. Time has passed. Sip of pure mercury. Put on the sultan khan hat. Canon and Gigue the crystal until super conducted. Breathe in primordially. I'm blowing the smoke at the newly formed incarnation of Ahriman, left the lil nigga fetus stillborn at the abortion in Thebes Illinois. This that shit that killed Mohammad Najibullah. This that shit that wiped out the the Giants of Mont'e Prama. This shit sunk the Yonaguni Monument. Beware. You may now exhale.



Feisal Baqar then produced a great white silk cloth and blew his nose much like a baroque clarinet in a display of his most mornful dissatisfaction.

⁹⁶ "Sold them all?! To whom? Who would purchase such a vast quantity of writing utensils in a location lacking any manner of educative facilities or centers of learning?!"

"Everyon been buyin em"

"Every person? Every single person? Sir I am incredulous! You expect me to believe that everyone, that is to say every inhabitant of the world, and the worlds beyond, who has lived and will live, and live now, in every city, or farm, or town, has come to this very shop to purchase a pen? Why I do not think one could even have so many pens as there were people, though pens are indeed really quite a good deal smaller than people I suppose, and one man may have many pens, indeed never too many, unless he be drowned by them, or suffocated rather, for drowning is defined by the swallowing of liquid, and pens are solid, unless of course one were to mash one, or several up, or perhaps blend them in a great vat with—"

¹⁰⁸

"Been writin what de sage say."

The merchant cut him off, now drooling the brown snot from both sides of his mouth, supremely uninterested in the Feisal Baqar's verbal ejecta. Feisal Baqar frowned:

¹²⁰

"What sage? Where? Whereto? Wherefore? I have heard of no sage in these parts, or who is or may be if indeed he is at all, if indeed in these parts he is, or rather some other parts that he may or may not be, or any of the things he has said or been alleged to have said for that part either."

¹³²

Feisal Baqar's confusion and irritation churned within him until its wake produced the beginnings of a scheme in his especially wrinkly cranium. He could be the first collector of the words of this sage. A great analyst and commentator, his work would fill thousands of sheets and everyone would consult him for the most correct and greatest preferred interpretations of this newfound, undiscovered sage, if this sage's thoughts were of the correct flavor and texture to comment on. He raised his eyebrows vigorously and asked:

"Does the sage speak of ethics?"

"No"

“Does he speak of the angles?”

“No”

“The planets then?”

“No”

“Of God?”

“No”

“Perhaps the bees and their nature?”

“No”

“The stones and their origins?”

“No”

“Law and Jurisprudence?”

“No”

“Teleology?”

“No”

“The art of Memory then?”

“No”

“The science of Memory?”

“No”

“The plants and their uses?”

“Not that”

“Pens and their necessity?”

“No”

“Of Numbers?”

commentating on dat shit



Dat nigguh Feisal Baqar's degraded ass imaginary visualizations of his
irrealized future commentary
circa 1597

"No"

"Of foods and which ones one ought to eat?"

"No"

192

"Of dreams and their interpretation?"

"Not that either"

"On what to do if one sees a carrot in his dream, or multiple dreams?"

"No"

"Of marriage?"

"No"

204

"Scultpure then?"

"Not at all"

"The depiction of non living things of this world through the means of paints?"

"No"

"The use and abuse of the abacus?"

"No"

216

"The rearing of cattle?"

"No"

"The rearing of Horses?"

"No"

? "The breaking of Horses?"

"No"

228

"The riding of Horses?"

"No"

"The grooming of Horses?"

"No"

"The breeding of Horses?"

"No"

240

"The slaughter of Horses?"

"Nothing about horses"

"The motion of liquids perhaps?"

"No"

"Then the stillness of liquids?"

"No"

252

"Falconry?"

"No"

"Of speaking itself?"

"No"

"The love of knowledge?"

"No"

264

"The hatred of knowledge?"

"No"

"The ambivalence towards knowledge?"

"No"

"Of History?"

"No"

276

"Of memory?"

"You done asked that allriddy"

"Well does he?"

"No"

"Of Books?"

"No"

288

"Well then what on earth could he possibly be speaking of such that every person has come and purchased each and every single last one of your pens to write down what he says?"

"He ain't said nuffin"

Feisal Baqar's ears sprung back, his brow furrowed fold over fold, his eyes strobed between their tightest squint and their widest aperture, his adam's apple bobbed viciously, his mouth jarbeled as full of lemons, his toes curled in spirals, his fingers crossed as unshorn claws, his tongue darted across every tooth, his uvula rang, his leg hair stood on edge, his scrotum receded, seven percent of the hair on his scalp descended below the skin, then resurfaced immediately on his gabella in equal part, his elbows hyper extended, and his kneecaps broke out in bluish-grey macules. He recovered himself.

"Then why, dear sir, is it that they have all purchased the pens?"

"Dere waitin fur him to say sumthin"

312

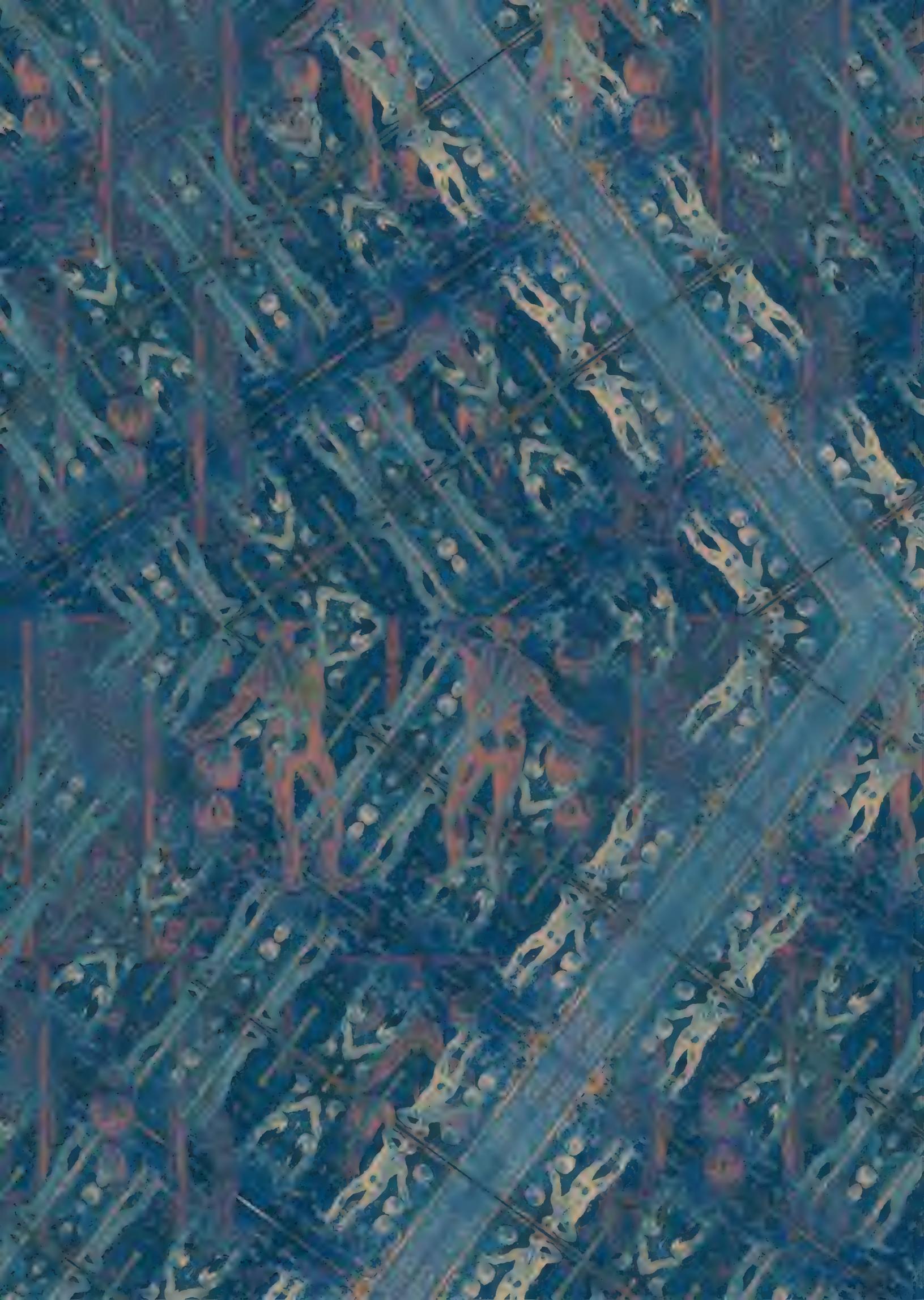
"Well really it is not wonder that he should choose to remain mute rather than speak with the likes of this most barren town if indeed truly one could even verily call it a town, for really it is more of a lump, a smattering or mortar and spit, and a lumpy one at that, in which the foul air does not circulate for it is weighted down and depressed, and restrained, and dissheveled by the grains of sand floating through it, liquidifying it, and thereby adding furthermore to the foul, unagreeable, unpleasant odor of this place. However should it be, and it is quite likely that it be as it might, that is to say I - he - we, us, no we, may meet or be met or meet each other, thereby uniting in our faculties of reason to form a most amicable metaphora of a curmudgeon, his thought-heart softened and swept over by my mind."

This said, Feisal Baqar exactly retracted his footsteps to his rickshaw, and stepped in.

"OFF! GO! HASTEN!"

cried Feisal Baqar at an unnecessarily high volume to his rickshaw puller whose ear was only 3 feet away and surrounded all sides by nothing but silence and the buzzing of the flies. The rickshaw puller sighed, and after two failed attempts to slap even one of the flies back into the cavity of his ear, began to pull the rickshaw at a trot without any true aim, simply forward. By whips and words Feisal Baqar directed the rickshaw over many dusty roads and mountain passes, following the wandering peasants, and questioning any man or beast he met upon as to the whereabouts of the sage.

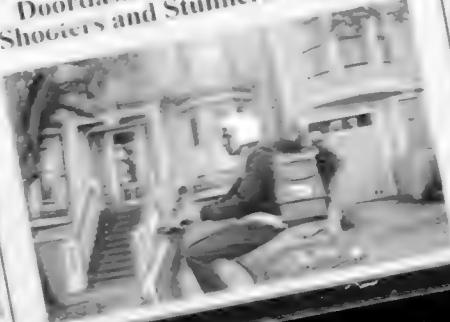
To be continued



The Daily Bustard

Business Politics Editorial Obituaries TV and radio Horoscope Food City Life

Julius Evola Caught Delivering
Doordash in South Brooklyn
Shooters and Stunners Appalled



Monday
SPORTS p.32
WEATHER p.4

50 cents

Tired of Seething?

Stuck among the last Men?

Nothing worth dying for?

No extended Family?

Too scared to kill?

No community?

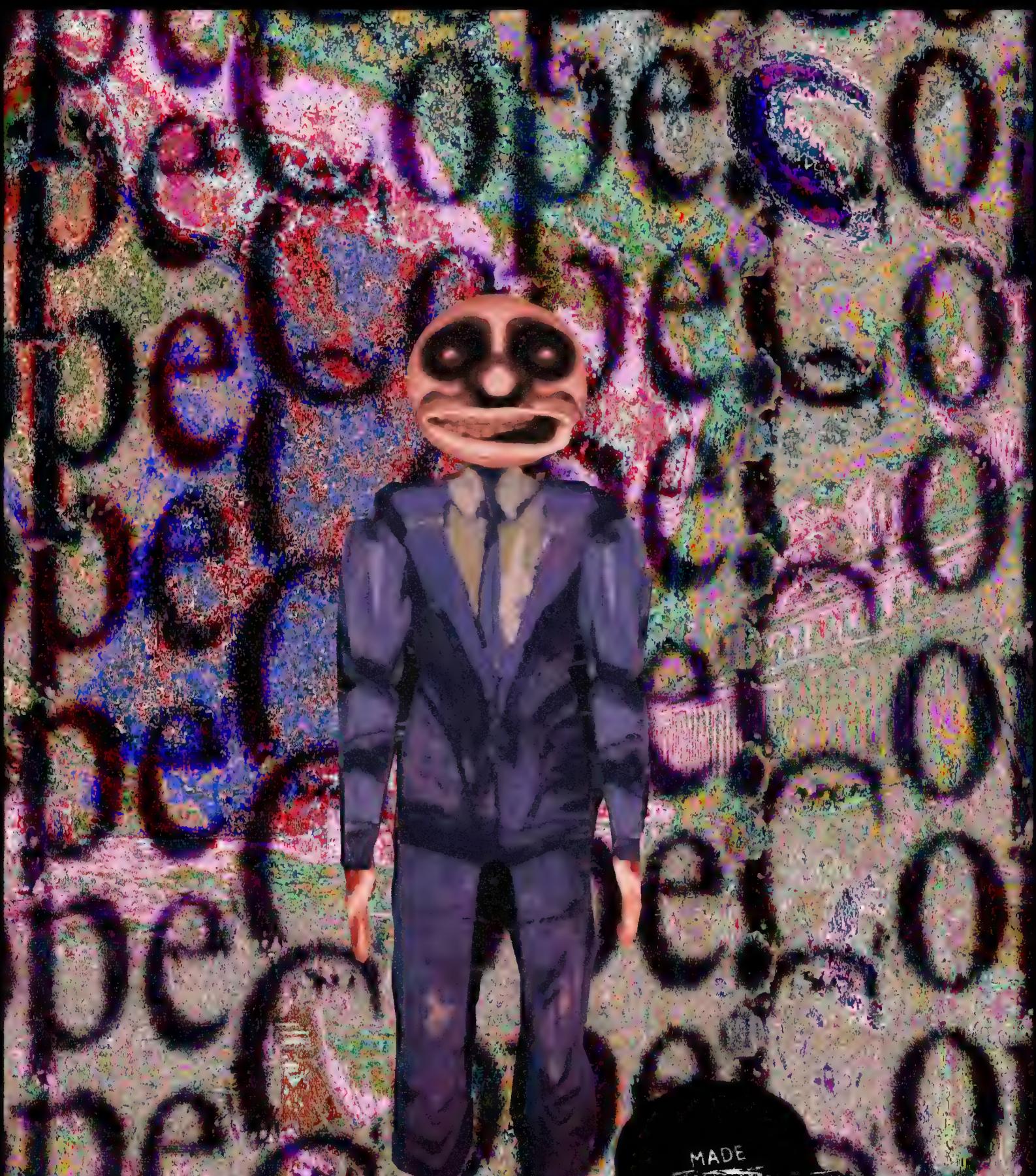
No Money?

No Land?

Is it so

OVER

?



MADE

Copenhagen

DKA

Copenhagen

DKA





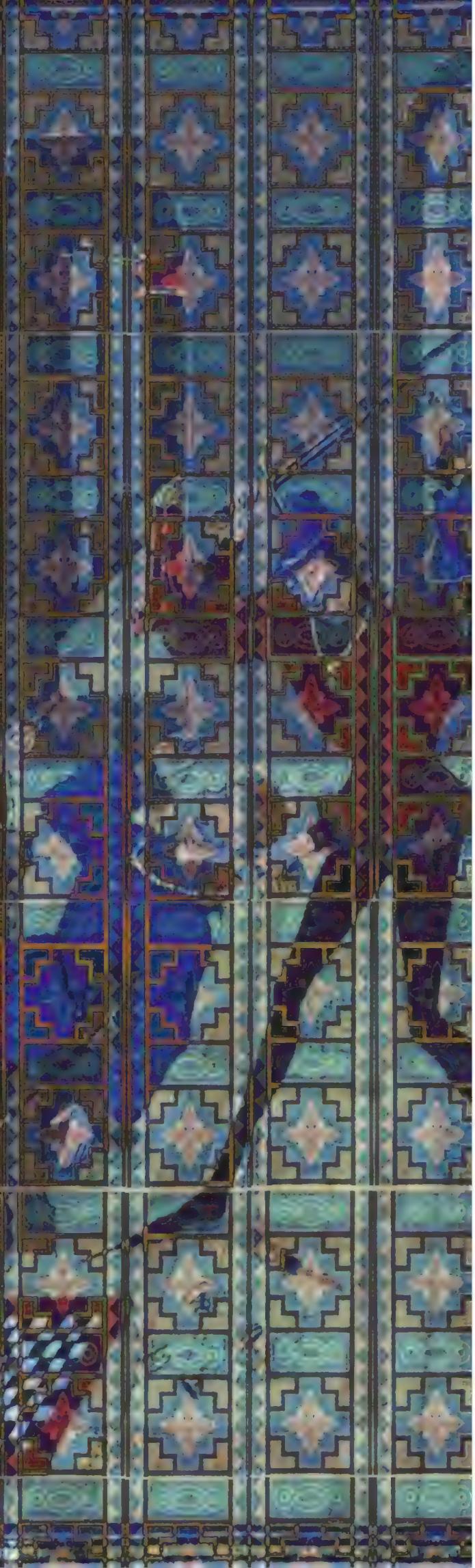
CHESS

1. E 4 E 5 2. ♜ H 5 G 6 3. ♜ E 5 #

1. E 4 H 2 5. ♗ E 5 ♜ H 4 3. ♗ x H 5 ♜ x E 4 + 4. ♜ F 1 D 5 5. ♜ E 2 ♜ H 3 #



VARIATIONS



THE CHESS VARIATION OF THE QUARTER

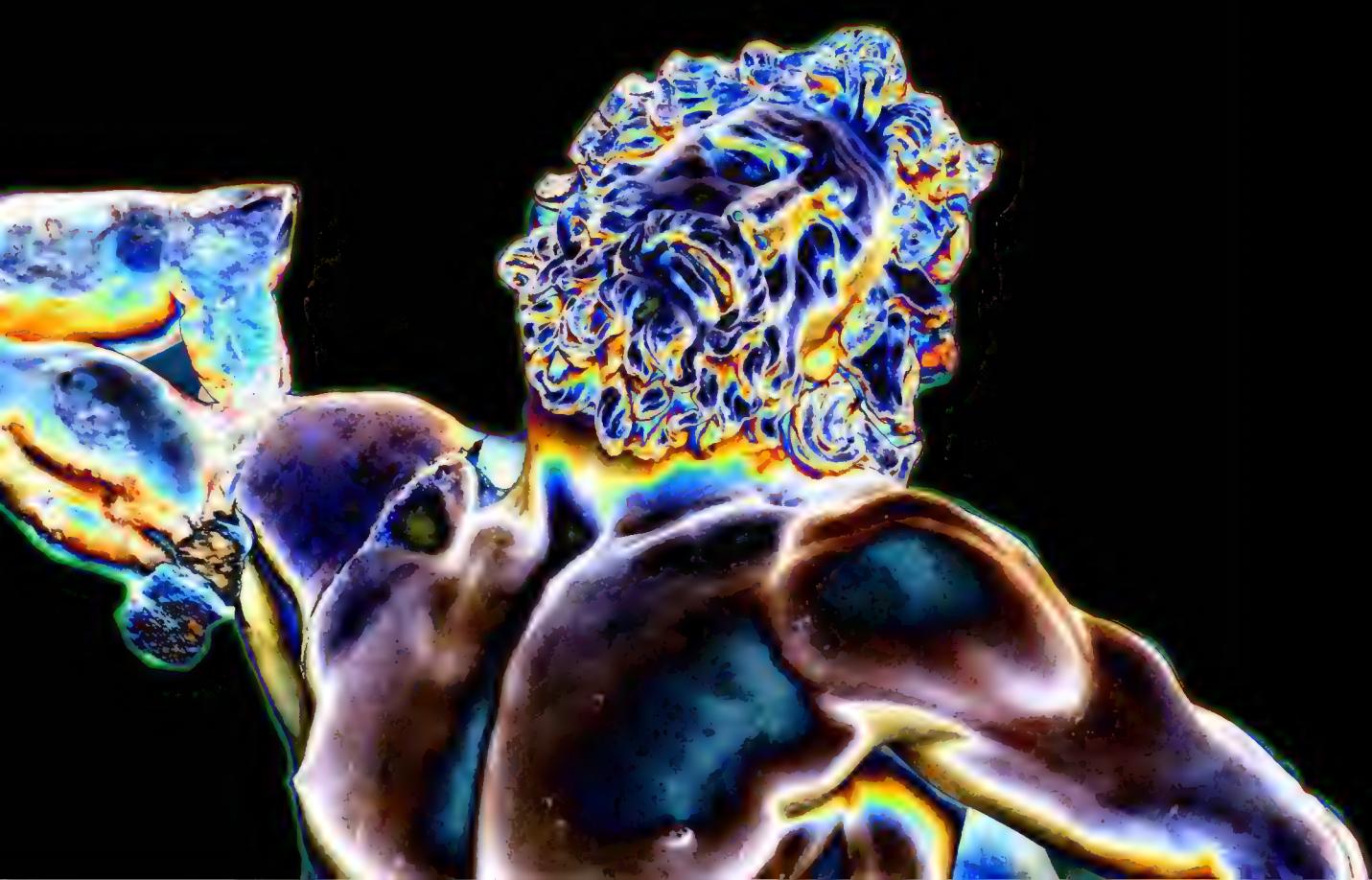
Despite being developed by notorious pedo Lewis Caroll, Alice chess is without a doubt the best chess variation to be yet invented. If you have played any games at chess following rules from before the Mad Queen buff you have certainly found that the limited range and penetration of the pieces remove a great deal of the workload required to visualize the various possibilities of moves as you calculate. Once you have begun playing at Alice chess you will soon find that normal chess suffers in this same way, possibly to an even greater extent if you are a player who selects a theory-heavy opening.

The rule modifications of Alice Chess are quite simple.

1. There are two boards, board A, and Board B.
1. A move must be legal on the board where it is played.
2. A piece can only move or capture if the corresponding destination square on the other board is vacant.
3. After moving, the piece is transferred to the corresponding square on the opposite board.

Beginners to Alice chess often struggle to interpret the second modification in a way that does not break the game. Some (seemingly obvious) hints that may alleviate these initial growing pains are to recall that when moving out of check, you ensure firstly that your move would be legal on the initial board, then check the legality of the move on the opposite board. Also secondly when capturing pieces ensure that you are not illegally jumping over pieces on your way to capture. The easiest way to conceptualize this manner of movement is to imagine that your piece makes its move on the initial board anticipating that all goes normally, and then after all business is completed upon that square, is unexpectedly teleported to the corresponding square on the opposite board.

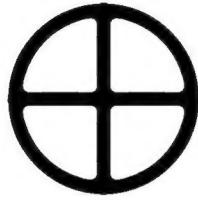
Many Alice chess games are incredibly short, and all manner of inter-board forks, pins, and skewers pop out at the most (or least) opportune times. See the title page for some example games.





Bro please bro you just have
to use the computer bro I
promise its not a trick dude
like please bro you just
have to you like just have
to bro please bro just once
bro there's no demons in
your computer that would be
crazy like take your uh meds
bro just comon just please





TOM DOBBLE. WORLD CRITIC

burst of light! the cigarette, and then move out of bed. It is dirty sheets that he picks up and puts on a turntable laundry wheel. The apartment lady will be here later jimmy to pick it up. To Tom's left, the telephone is going off the cradle and falling down into the algae laden fish-tank aquarium. The water from the tank splashes, hitting the wallpaper and making another stain. From the mouth of the receiver, "Hello? Hello?" He scratches his nose. It is a woman on the phone. She is in an apartment, shocked

and touching her face, mouth agape; with love? Tom's rocking the big leagues, so to say. He got the job. Went in, and asked for the role playing the part of the fag in a sardine can. He asked the director, Where he'll be put in the can. He answered, "In the middle, fag; that's the part that soaks in the most." Tom is ready, leaves the apartment, clacks his shoes out the doorstep and onto the sidewalk in the front. Some kids cruise by on bicycles rolling the big rolls, so to say. Tom, Movie. On wheels mercury, the metal frames reflected in the sun reminding Tom of how the apartment's subhuman maid service would be rightaway to work and incleaning the apartment. They were the kind. . . with gas masks and handkerchiefs which signified their color and preferred style of bullet to be placed into their head upon their designated execution date. Tom looked up to the apartment in a short quartering of his self and belongings. The bag on his side swung and he placed the lens onto his eye.

Adjust.

With a hand of lens telescope, God pulled the mystery up from under the clear waters of creation. And the waters were clear and full of things such as the entire World. Thus, fractals. They keep going and never reach the point which they started. They keep repeating in ever expanding patterns. Like veins of water on the highway in the damp earth. And there that is where Tom started, with a circular finger around his eye with his fingers extending out infinitely onto the starry landscapes. Out there was a stage that Tom danced on. It was Tom's job to get there, no matter

what kinds of dreams he was to create and eviscerate through constant expulsion. Tom takes a step forward. Constant disturbance, into dendrites yup, Brain; Light!

No, no, wait please! Oh gods it is the song again I can hear it; the stress is pounding in my ears oh. .

the Blood is loud, it is beating into my chest and constricting around my neck stupefying my autoaxefixation into dumbfound

retardation masturbation, in Tom I would not be any other way I login to the browser and eat every-day the music plays

through my speakers, when I'm not out getting money in pushing holes into my brain.

ElectroniC paraboluation sine wave manipulation into coiled snake nest pot of electric double

water water wave river Tom

Dobble nonsense name of nonsense brain agua kiss fokken piss i smoke janus and Meth planetary relocation energy manipulation Tom flies between bodystars and cliffside fracases.

Jade wasser ale and golden crimson slippery fish white colostrum pond.

Oh Holy Lord praises me and my Brother infinitely; the strokes are getting thicker like cancerous and delicious slabs of swine belly Uhr

gamol. I will not partake for the Sabbath is like the unholy war

yes. Let us feast.

A lute fish, a lute wind plays the water melody; as the air and the sea are one to me, said the

Brother to the maycock nameless fairy. Rising up or rising down to,

a cymbal marks the stop.

It's that woah feeling when it's awe-some, Brother, adventure and grain the film of the veil of some wheat crop and rolling hills.

All these memories of the past rush into Tom's hand in pure moment of ecstatic bliss, in one step of moving his stilted foot. If

he could kill his younger self, he would.

Oh Brother, I love you. Said Tom, maycock nameless fairy.

Tom stops thinking for a

moment. He looks down at his hands. They are tan or spotted in some places, or hot from the sun.

Raised at the knuckles, and full of intramuscular fat, Rough and tired looking from the

rejuvenating actions of typing at blue light computer and looking at cyber net word pages for the

next strange hit of something good new and hungry job.

Today Tom Dobble is walking down the side of the city

freehiway holding a plastic water bottle that had been sitting in the mini-fridge of his small

apartment for a couple years now. Water never goes bad that is

something Food Drug America lies to you. He breaks the magic seal, thrusting the cap into the ether of the air and a small

plumage of mold spores excrete out too small for Tom to see. He

takes a sip. . . and it tastes like shit. He spits it out grimaces his

white teeth. He starts wiping them and cleaning off the filth.

To retaliate against the World, Tom pours the water out and divides into clear streams of pure

moving light; in sync time, never out of phase Tom purity noise.

Attacking the ground, rude Tom glares at where the water does

strike the ground. The water, move back and forth as lik jelly.

It's time to set the scene. The joint was a few blocks away on the corner of stone and holly.

Boss had told him the job, he

obliged. It was Christmas time after all and the feeling to live was

strong. His name was mainly resided in the yellow pages, a gun for hire to supervise, manage, produce, and create whack films

through them, and flatly staring into the meandering oncomer

traffic to his left. Tom took the job seriously and stepped onto each one of his sets with an air of confidence, a hollow weight behind his eyes and face. Tom was walking towards the sun, And the light is so golden. Today it was a porn that started with a boxing match.

Tom slams the door open to the small cramped apartment. It's three rooms wide, a kitchen, a bedroom with a toilet next to the bed, and a living room. The kitchen hung to the left, the oven messy full of grease and other goodies. The floor was tiled with chess boards and excruciating bottles of piss slash neurotoxic chemicals. There was aged turkeys hanging from the puke, stained popcorn ceiling by trunk heirloom spiraled rope frayed with fingers of twined dry grass. Tom only got a glimpse of the bedroom but it stunk of piss as well and gave off a mist of dull grün optical noise that only was visible through the sun beams faintly pouring through the cracks of the blinded window.

Outside it was nighttime. Tom with the straight back alpha stance walked in like crazy eyes megafucker. Straight and casually pursed lips from years of very clenching lymph nodes together with hot iron press. Jet black sunglasses and hair with that feel. His shirt was tan. His yearning still some fresh. Let's get down to business. There was a small film crew made up of low life criminals and thugs which of course Tom was a bove big time. They had knives and pocket rocket guns that would explode if they fired hammers. His assigned assistant walks up to him. "Glass of water Mr. Dobble?" Yes give it to me. He took the glass and drank it down. Root

Then he pushed the glass back to the assistant. Tom quickly moves the washroom. Just around the bed in the room, there is the broken toilet and dead mice in the corner. In the other room, he can hear men screaming and getting ready.

Tom shuts the door slammed and sits down on the toilet. His frame contorts and folds into the shape of a strange egg, broken at top and expelling ferociously. And out through the bottom drips the bacterial pewter cord from the air cell. Tom is scared. He pockets the sunglasses and doesn't put them back on. In the other room, Tom Dobbie is Rough fight play hands, with a microphone up to his mouth. He really does roll his own. And he gives them to sick women and children, really. He punches them in their nose when they don't take what he gives.

Rolling the smoke around; allegedly he's afraid of fireworks. I am rolling the smoke around my neck and head too... Tom is the star-burst. Thinking.

Interplanetary frequency hijacker radiation And, also, how my face has become so aged and dissolved into carcinocopic noise. Tom throws the trash can across the room., no, one told me that in two years I would be falling apart. It's not like I do not care for myself either I do. I just don't care to do trimming or wash, ok? Is it really that big of a deal? Oh me god I just want to Break this mirror my God.. Tom slumps to the floor and puts a gun up to his head. Tom gets up and pulls a rotten tooth from his head.

He throws it into the trashcan and starts moving into the other roomHere he is king. His assistant hands him a cigar. Here we go. Let me show you the scene ok. It is a small room, no cameras. No funny stuff. Just money.

Living room. A couch is on the

right wall and there is a TV in the north left corner.

The large pudgy mass moves forward. Charlie belts "Is there a camera on? Is it roooooooling?" Don't look at the camera fucking idiot. Tom takes a step back and puts his cigarettes up to his head. He stumbles a bit, eats a peanut from the snackbar. The mass breathes slowly as another one moves on the sofa naked. I mean there isn't a fucking camera idiot. Yeah that's better. Direct by not directing. Everything is real and happening. Don't worry about it Tom said nervously. Slap to the face. Their camera was an old 35mm Panasonic Cinemascope lens being operated by a narrow old sullen woman. It was pointed at the two greased fat men waiting to fight. Next it whips to Tom's air. Steps further into the room and taps his black shoes together. Puts his dirty papers up to his head and scratches at one of his dry pimples.

This is a live recording! Tom announces to the wall of the small apartment room, Veil. If you could see Tom now, he is looking up an out to the heavens, waving his arms wards stretched like bows. His mouth slightly ajar, hung just so. He is in front of a window, and perhaps there are people watching from the other side. Silent and hungry observers of the night just like Tom Dobbie. Tom removes his eyes down as loud sounds begin playing in his ear. Pots and pans hit and monkey holler in the room of the infested jungle. The apes are fighting now, it's time for the apes to ring the fighting bell!

Tom throws his hands up into the air. The flags, the flags! Hands move in front of fasc, silent mystery of ancient middle eastern fingers play with the wind. In this room it is full of bald men, all in ratted clothes hanging off their gaunt and pudgy frame. All of

the fighters breathing together, their fluids pumping at too slow a rate for their proactive and agile gestured fighting. Slow veins and crystal blood. Two fighters are in the ring, heaving and flu(id)ly sliding their organs around in great sacs. Arms are tubes, hands are slapping up and down and all side of the body and head.

Hands. Struck at attention in front of face. A heavy slap rings through the walls. Walls made of thin wood rocking the foundation and sidewalk. From across the street, the neighbors can hear the sounds of fucking and vitriol and fascia. They hide in fear as they see red and orange in the night sky. Under the cupboard the families run, under the bed. They hide from the screaming.

Charles moves to right side, thick hands positioned up to his abdomen, one at his neck. He looks like a gay dancer with Parkinson's disease, Chinese eggroll karate style. One swing and the knuckles aren't positioned correctly he's breaking his fingers on the same face of the other. Teeth split yes. His fingers were fat and furter like with fennel and garlic rubbed in for good measure. His background was probably Russian, though. You see once upon a time the fat Bald Guy was once a delicate young man with a vision to change the world for the best, for the better, begat of other thinking and speech that many of subscribe too. It doesn't matter when, or where he believed. But he once did perceive this. Anyway

move on.

Left hook, the other guy's brains splatter out onto the corner of the wall. His skull cracked in half after being knocked into it. The body landed onto the couch on the top of another man. Duvet, and then the down flew

everywhere but where did it go? Up into the air of the room. Far away people are crying in warm orange rooms after sex and you'll miss it all if you never fight.\ Tom is sitting in a chair watching the action with a contemplative malaise. His eyes rest flat, doing his job well. Occasionally a swing from Charlie misses the other man's face and hits Tom, in the bullseye and he cringes. The brain of the other man sprays across his face. Some of it gets into Tom's mouth and he feels it going down his throat. It is bitter and it is strong. Tom asks for another drink. The bartender obliges. Pulls out a tall liquor bottle with the liquod inside. The is sec-ret at bottom of cup there is, Tom takes the glass and pours a little extra into it from his own personal supply Tom cannot keep focus. There is a TV broadcasting on up on the wall in front of him and it has his full attention now. Tom learned to focus well. The bar is scarcely decorated with a few posters and hung paintings of celebrities from black and white movies. There is a dartboard with some darts in the center eye. There were some talented prospectors who came by last night and showed off to the whole crowd, see what I can do. And then like Robin Hood, they took the spoils to the needy and the women. Then they were gone into the night gemstones in a brazen pit of fire. Fire to unknown gods. At least unknown completely to Tom Dobble.

—

Tom is skirting on the surface of the water, creating hard mist flecks that penetrate and cut into soft people sitting on stone benches outside of classrooms watching the world go by and not speaking to a single soul in the world. They come by the atrium

another day and meekly take on step, then another, and another now with confidence and stride. And then their work begins, opening the paper bag and taking out the meat and flatbread.

Placing the beast's meat full of fatty Charlie slabs out onto the paper napkin. There Greek thinkers used blood and swords to kill Kraken beasts and fought off the flecks of hi-pressed plastic water bottle that Tom instigate in balance ways. Zun la word de ist light of the master craftman, arbiter de goed und evil.

There is nothing else to do, except kill yourself everyday. Here comes the mouse to chew on the cable. Then the gears are misplaced slighbly. The watchmaker comes in to inspect. Then, you kill him and tell everyone he had a gun. Interview, job is secured. You clock into shop, ready the mechanism. Clock into shop, kill myself, clock out. Yet Tom had thought of a different way. Why don't I kill myself tomorrow?

This was a night in the life of Tom Dobbie, before the epoch of when beaten in by the ticking machines which pilot the malfunctioning frontal lobe. Tom's Brain became a sieve to catch and reflect nightmares.

Then he would get up and do it all over again.

And I'll drink

To the times when it was all wrong

To say I won't move on

Is a testament to your unending love

And ill speak

About all the things that sure went wrong

In tomes of the wartime stuff

In rooms where I move in tongues

— Writings,signed: Tom Dobbie.

World Critic.

